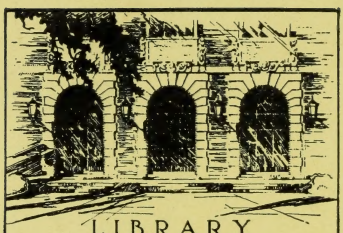

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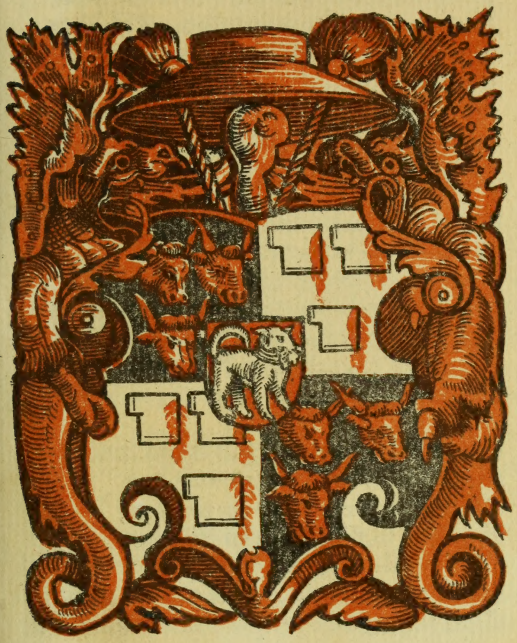
Roy's Satire against
Wolsey

Reprinted for Pickering
1845

Rede me and be nott wrothe
For I saye no thynge but trothe.

I will ascende makynge my state so hye/
That my pompous honoure shall never dye.



O Caytyfe when thou thynkest least of all/
With confusion thou shalt have a fall.

The deſcripcion of the armes.

Of the prowde Cardinall this is the ſyelde
Borne vp betwene two angels off Sathan.
The fire blouddy axes in a bare felde
Sheweth the cruelte of thſe red man/
whiche hathe devoured the beautifull ſwan.
Mortall enmy vnto the whyte Lion/
Carter of Yorcke/the vyle butchers ſonne.

The fire bulles heddes in a felde blacke
Betokeneth hys ſtordy furiouſnes
Wherfore the godly lyght to put abacke
He bryngeth in hys dyvliſſhe darcknes.
The bandog in the middes doth expreſſe
The maſtif Curre bred in Ypſwitch towne
Gnawynge with his teth a Kynges crowne.

Thſe cloubbe ſignifieth playne hys tiranny
Covered over with a Cardinals hatt
Wherin ſhalbe fulfilled the prophecy
Aryſe vp Jacke and put on thy ſalatt/
For the tyme is come of bagge and walatt
The temporall cheualry thus throwen downe
Wherfor preſt take hede ād beware thy croũe.

To his singuler goode frendt and brother in Christ Master. P.G.M. D. delyreth grace and peace from God the father/ thorowe the lorde Jesus Christ.

821 R812r 1845

By youre last letter/ dere brother in Christ/ I perceved/ that youre desyre was/ to have the lytle worke which ye sent/ wele examened/ and diligently put into prynt. Which thynge (the bōde of charite/ where with not alonly you ād I/ but we with the whole nombre of Christis chosen flocke/ remaynge amonge oure nacion of englisshe mē/ are knet together/ purly for the truthes sake pondered) I coulde do no lesse but fulfill and accōplysshe. For as moche as it is a thynge so necessary. Where of no doute/ shall sprynge grett frute vnto the cāmisshed/ and lyght vnto theym which of lōge sealō have bene sore blyndfolded. Though the rāmysshe resydue of gotes/ so sarre envred with manis blynde reason (which repute grett felicite to make men beleve/ goode to be the naturall cause of evill/ darknes to procede oute of light/ and lyinge to be grown-

Joh. xv

Ma. xv

b

903265

Mat. xxiiij. ded in trouth/ and to make of the worde of lyke the glave of death/ contrary to all trueth) that scripture calleth theym faulce teachers/ and bryngers in prevely of dampnable sectes/ evē denyinge the lorde that bought theym/ and bryngeon their owne heddes swyfte dampnacion/ for their leadynge of many into their dampnable waies. Of whose boddies annd soules thus once blynded and ledde out of the narowe waye of lyfe/ into the broade waye of perdicion/ thorowe covetousnes they make their marchandyse. Wherby the waye of trueth (that is to saye the glorious gospell of Christ) is evill spocken of. In so mocheb that they after this maner sealed with the marke of the grett beast of the erth/ whose consciences. S. paul descrybeth to be singed with the hott yerō of blasphemy/ only gebe hede to the spretes of errour/ and dyvelysshe doctryne of theym which speake faulce through hipocrisy/ forbyddynge to mary/ and cōmaundynge to abstayne from meates and soche wother) cannot but barke there att/ forbid it/ ād with all violence persecute the reders there of. Yet. I neverthelesse with you/ doinge after the apostles erudicion/ as longe as I folowe no decevable fables/ will not be negligēt to put

ij.pe.j.ij
ap.xvij
Ma.vij
ij.Pet.ij
apo xvj
j.ti.iiij
iiij.
ij.Pet.j
ij.Pe.j ij

my brethren in remembraunce (thogh they partly knowe them their selves/ and are stablysshed in the present trueth) of those thynges wherby they maye the more evidētly note the disceatfulnes of mortall man/ and the better come vnto the knowledge of the immortall god. Seynge the tyme at hōde wherin god of his infinite mercy/ hath ordened before to make theym thorowe Christ oure lorde parte takers allo of his glorious will and porpos. evē as in the golpell oure lavioure before to all his hadd promesed. J therfore cōsyderynge the worlde thus to be wrapped in mysery and blindnes (ād now ī these latter dayes becom an hole or denne of falce foxy hipocrites/ and a mancīō for all ravenynge wolves disgysed in lambes skynnes/ which hate all love/ and with oute drede of god wander but for theire praye) have iudged it a thynge moste convenīet/ to sett this smale treatous as a glas or myroure most cleare before all mens eyes. J̄n the preface where of manyfestly they shall perceave/ howe grett daunger nowe a dayes it is/ the trueth other to describe with penne/ or with tonge to declare. J̄n the lamentacīō folowynge/ made by a bely beast/ engendred amonge the grely/ or anoynted heap/ wother

Luc.j
Rom.j
Ac.xiij
Ebre.iij
mar.iij
xvj
lu.iiij.ix
j.Jo.v
Lu.viij.
Ma.vij
Luc.vj
Ro.xvj

wyse called the papystical secte (whom
Ma. xvj Christ calleth a croked/vntawarde/and cruell
xvij generatiō of venemous vipers) they may sur-
Luce. ix ly groape and sele/ where of oure spretuall
lordes/maisters/ād rulars (falcely so named)
have proceded/ and are come. with what
presomcion they disdayne the auncient and
true noble bloud. ād what preeminēce and
ma. xxiij dignite they have obtayned through their
saulce ād crafti bryngynge vppe of the blas-
phemous masse/ which principally is their
holde/ stede/ and defence. Forthermore in
the dialoge enluynge or breke interlude/ is
mas described with his abhominable minis-
ters. as Popes/ Cardinalls/ bisshops/ ab-
botes/ monkes/ fryres/ and lyke wother.
wherin also is declared whatt trees they
ma. vij. are with their frute. annd what they shall re-
epist. Ju. mayne their masse once disanulled/ ād putt
downe. Which all well consydered/ I hoape
that the reder what ever he be/ will nott take
this worke as a thynge convicious/ or a prin-
Rom. ij ciple of hatred ād debate. nor yett despyse
the ryches of the godnes/ and of the paci-
ence/ of the longe sokerance of god. but will
remember that his kyndnes only leadeth
hym to repentaunce. and mekely with the
i. Cor. ij sprete of quyetnes/ kyrst iudge it/ and then cō-

lydre hym ylke. and kautlelle he shall kynde it
a grett occasion/ to love/ and also to thācke
god his father most mercifull/ which of his
tender mercy hath nott delyvered hym vppe
vnto a leawd mynde/ with these vessels of Rom. j
wrathe/ ād children of the devill/ to do Joa. viij
those thynges which are nott comly/ ful of Rom. ij
all vnrightoulnes /kornication/ wickednes/
covetoulnes/ malicioulnes. ꝛc. and sokered
hym nott to become lyke vnto theym/ a hater
of god/ and of his godly worde. agaynst
whose vngodlines/ and vnrightoulnes/ the
wrath of the hevenly god apereth. because
they with holde the true rightōlnes of god/
whiche cōmeth throwe the lyght of the gospell Rom. j
of Christ/ in the vnrightoulnes of mans
lawes and tradicions. Ye/ ād as sayth. S.
paul/ though they knowe the rightoulnes
of god/ howe they which sochе thynges cō-
mitt are worthey of death/ yett not only do
the same/ but also have pleasure in the doars
of them. Wherfore they are before god with
oute excuse. seinge that knowinge god/ they
glorify hym nott as god. nor yett are thanck-
full. but wexe full of vanities in their y-
maginacions. countynge theym selves wyse
where as in dede they are soles. For with
their solysshe and blynde hert/ they tourne

the glory of the immortall god/ vnto the
ſimilitude of the ymage of mortall man. He
ſhall lykwyſe clearly perceve/ that we of
duty colde do no leſſe/ but for the preſerva-
cīō and tutell of the innocent and ſimple/ to
declare the peſtilent doblenes/ and deceva-
ble ſeducciō of the wicked. acordīge to the
doctryne ſhewed vnto vs every where by
Joan. Chriſt oure maſter. which cam to ſave annd
j.x. not to deſtroye. For one rottē apple/ lytell
mat.xiij and lytell putrifieth an whole heape. a lyt-
Luc.xij ell ſower leven the whole lompe of dowe.
j.Cor.v one rancklynge member/ the whole boddy.
Shortly to cōclude. Here in I am well per-
ſuaded/ lett the vngodly roare and barcke
never ſo lowde/ that the fyre which Chriſt
Luc.xij cam to kyndle on erth/ cannott butt burne.
that is to ſaye/ his godly worde forever-
j.re.xxij more encreace and cōtinue. Wherfore dere
Dſa.xvij brother/ yf eny mo ſoche ſmale ſtickes come
ciiij vnto youre hondes/ which ye ſhall iudge
cxviij apte vnto the augmētaciō of this fyre/ ſende
them vnto me (yf in englonde they maye not
be publiſſhed) and by goddis grace with all
my power ād poſſibilite/ I ſhall ſo endever
my ſylfe to kyndle theym/ that as many as
Joa.viij are of the ſede of abrahā ſhall ſe their light/
Mat.v and therby glorify their father celeſtiall/

which kepe you and youres continully
strengthynge you with his sprete of
comforte to his glory for ever
Amen.

¶ The Author of the worke.

So forthe lytell treatous nothynge a fraide.
To the Cardinall of Yorcke dedicate
And though he threatē the be not dismayde
To pupplysshe his abhominable estate
For though his power he doeth elevate
Yett the season is nowe verily come
Ut inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

O my author howe shall I be so bolde
A fore the Cardinall to shewe my face
Seīge all the clargy with hym doth holde/
Also in favour of the Kyngis grace
With furious sentence they will me chace
Forbiddynge eny persone to rede me
Wherfore my deare author it cānott be.

The Author.

Thou knowest very well whatt his lyfe is
Unto all people greatly detestable/
He causeth many one to do amisse
Thorow his example abhominable.
Wherfore it is nothynge reprobable
To declare his mischefe and whordom
Ut inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

Though his lyfe of all people is hated
Yet in the masse they putt moche cōfidēce

Whiche through out all the world is dilated
As a worke of singuler magnificence/
Prestes allo they have in reverence
With all wother persones of the spretualte
Wherfore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

O deare treatous thou mayst nott consyder
Their blynde affeccion in ignorance
Wherby all the worlde both farre and near
Hath bene combred with lōge cōtinuāce
Itt is goddis will his trueth to avaunce
And to putt antichrist oute of his kyngdō
Ut inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium

The Treatous.

Well yett there is greate occasiō of grudge
Be cause I apeare to be convicious.
Withouten faile the clargy will me iudge
To procede of a sprete presumtuous/
For to vse soche wordes contumelious
It becōmeth nott christen charite
Wherfore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

O my treatous it is goddis iudgement
So to recōpence their madde blasphemy
Seynge they burned his holy testament
Thorowe the prowde cardinals tyranny
Agaynst whose harde obstynacy to crye
The stones in the strete cannot be dom

Ut inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

Yf I presume to make relacion
Of secret matters that be uncertayne
They will count it for diffamacion
Or thinges cōtryved of a frowarde brayne
To descrybe their faultes it is but vayne
Except I were in some authorite
Wherfore my deare author itt cannot be.

The Author.

As touchīg that thou nede not to be deiecte
The trueth shalbe thy conservacion
Whyles thou presume no faultes to detecte
But wheare thou hast hadde certificaciō
By their knowledge and informacion
Whiche have forsaken the whore of rome
Ut inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

Alas yett in their outragious furoure
They shall courrse ād bane with cruel sētence
All those whiche have to me eny favoure
Ether to my sayngе geve credence
In hell and heven they have preeminēce
To do as they lyste with free liberte
Wherfore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

O treatous lett antichrist crye and roare
Manassynge with fulminacions

His cruelte shalbe feared no moare
When knowynge his abhominacions
Fye apon his forged execracions.
Seynge his tyranny is overcome
Ut inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

Fye on his dyvilishe interdiccions
With his keyes locke chaynes and fetters
Fye apon all his iurisdiccions
And apō those whiche to hym are detters
Fye apon his bulles brebes and letters
Wherin he is named seruus servorum
Ut inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

Fye on his golden thre folded crowne
Whiche he vseth to weare apō his head
Fye apon his maieste and renowne
Clayminge on erthe to be in Christe stead
Fye on his carkes bothe quycke and dead
Ex hoc nūc et usque in seculum
Ut inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

Blissed they be which are curssed of the pope
And coursed are they whō he doth blisse
A coursed are all they that have eny hope
Ether in his personne or els in his.
For of almyghty god a coursed he is
Per omnia secula seculorum

Ut inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

¶ Heare foloweth the lamentacion.

Alas alas for woo and bitter payne
Oppreſſed withe greſe and ſorofull care
Howe ſhall we frō hevy weppynge refrayne
Conſyderynge the cale that we in are.
We have now loſt the pryce of oure welfare
Seynge that gone is the malſe
Nowe decealed alas alas.
Wo worth the time that ever we were born
To ſe the chaunce of this dolorours daye
For now ar we mocked ād laughed to ſkorn
Owre honour brought to extreme decaye
We maye well ſynge alas and well awaye
Seynge that gone is the malſe
Nowe decealed alas alas.
Aproche proud patriarke with youre pope
Biſſhops archyſſhops ād Cardinalls gaye
With all other prelate which had your hope
To be mayntayned by the malſe all waye
Who ſhall finde oure belly ād ryche araye
Seynge that gone is the malſe
Nowe decealed alas alas.
Drawe nere ye preſte in youre lōge gowne
With all the fryres of the beggerly ordres
Com hither mōke: with brode ſhavē croune

And all soche as are shorē above the ears/
Helpe me to lamēt with dolourous teares
Seynge that gone is the malle
Nowe deceased alas alas.
The dolfull destruction of noble troye
Was never to man haulfe so lamentable
Nor yett the subuersion of Rome oure ioye
Under whō we were counted honorable.
O fortune fortune: thou arte vnfauorable
Seynge that gone is the malle
Nowe deceased alas alas.
Departed is nowe the malle ād clean gone
The cheke vpholder of oure liberte
Wherby our whores ād harlotē everychone
Were mayntayned in ryche felicite.
Full sore we shall repent this daye to se
Seynge that gone is the malle
Nowe deceased alas alas.
Our baudē ād brothels have lost ther siding
Oure bastardes compelled to go astraye/
Oure wynnige mill hath lost her gryndige
Which we supposed never to decaye.
Alas therfore what shall we do or saye
Seynge that gone is the malle
Nowe deceased alas alas.
Oure gay velvet gownē furred with sables
Which werre wont to kepe vs from colde
The paulfreys ād hackeneis in oure stables

Nowe to make chevelaunce muſt be ſolde
Adue forked mitres and crolles of golde
Seynge that gone is the malle
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.
Weſhall nowe abate oure welthy tables
With delicate deyntyes ſo delicious
Oure mery ieſtes vnd pleſaunt fables
Are nowe tourned to matters dolorous
We muſt laye downe oure eſtate ſo pōpous
Seynge that gone is the malle
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.
Oure kyngres ſhynīge with precyous ſtōs
Sett in golden rynges of ryche valoure
Oure effeminate fleſſhe and tender bones
Shalbe cōſtrayned to faule vnto laboure
For why decayed is all oure honoure
Seynge that gone is the malle.
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.
Where as we vſed apon mules to ryde
Nowe muſt we nedes prycke a fote a lone
Oure wantā daliaunce and boſtīge pride
With wofull miſery is ouer gone.
Oure glyſtrīge golde is turned to a ſtone
Seynge that gone is the malle.
Nowe deceaſed alas alas.
We had oure ſervātes in moſt courtly wyſe
In greate multitude folowīge oure tayle
With garded lyverey after the newe gyſe

Whome we frely supported to ieſt ād rayle
How be it nowe eache frō wother ſhall fayle
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.
Oure powre kynred we lytell vnderſtode/
And of whatt vilnes oure pōpe did ayle.
We deldayned the eſtates of noble blode/
Nothynge afrayde oure betters to deſpyſe.
Wherfor agaynſt vs they will nowe ſurmyſe
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.
We were called lordes ād doctours reverēte/
Royally raignynge in the ſpretualte.
In every place wheare we were preſente/
They bayled their bonete and bowed a kne.
But it begynneth nowe wother wyſe to be.
Seynge that gone is the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.
We devowred the ſuſtenaunce of the poore/
Waſtynge the goodes of people temporall.
Wherwith we norylſhed many a whore/
To ſatiſfye oure pleaſure beaſtiall.
And yett we were counted ſpretuall.
Under fabeoure of the maſſe/
Nowe deceaſed/ alas alas.
Oure greate lordſhippes ād dominacions/
With oure ryche iuelles and ſomptous plate.
Oure places and large habitacions/

Adorned with hangynge ād beddes of state
From oure hondes shall nowe be seperate.
Seynge that gone is the masse
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
A due/ oure ayde and supportacion/
Wherby fortune so merely did smyle.
Farwele comforte and consolacion/
Thus soddenly chaunged with in a whyle.
Oure vayne confydence dyd vs sore begyle.
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
By the masse we were exalted so hye/
That scātly eny mā we wolde once knowe.
We thought for to ascende vnto the skye/
Havynge oure seate above the rayne bowe
But we are come downe agayne full lowe.
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
The masse made vs lordēād kyngēover all/
Farre and nere every wheare havyng power.
With honorable tytles they dyd vs call/
Dredynge to offende vs at eny houre.
Thē were we as freshe as the gardē floure.
Under favoure of the masse/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
Amonge all the people we went a fore/
By pretence of oure fayned holynes.
They reputed vs for haulfe goddes ād more/

Thorowe the malles beneficialnes.
Whiche is nowe tourned to oure hevines.
Seynge that gone is the malle/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
The malle was only oure singuler suffrage/
To delivre the people from their synne.
There was no prest in towne nor village/
But by the malle his lyvynge did wynne.
Whole superfluite shalbe full thynne.
Seynge that gone is the malle/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
O faythfull malle/ so constant and true.
In heven and erth continually.
We nowe thy chyldren shall morne and rue/
The chaunce of thy dekaye so sodenly.
Constrayned we are all to wepe and crye.
Seynge that gone is the malle/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
By the malle we had hye authorite/
In heven and erth takynge oure pleasure.
Kynges and prynces for all their dignite/
To displease vs feared oute of measure.
Alas we have nowe lost oure cheke treasure.
Seynge that gone is the malle/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
The malle made vs so stronge and stordy/
That agaynst hell gates we did prevayle.
Delyveringe soules oute of purgatory/

And lendynge theym to heben with out fayle
Who is he then that wolde nott bewayle.
Seynge that gone is the malle/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
Of all maner thynges the comodyte/
By the mallis healpe only did depende.
From lycknes and pestilent mortalite/
The socoure of the malle did vs defende.
All prosperite that oure lorde did sende.
Was for fauoure of the malle
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
The malle farre exceedeth mānis reason/
Oft tymes of foule wether makynge fayre.
It causeth frute for to rype in season/
Puttynge awaye infeccions of the ayre.
Greate estates frendshippe stably to repayre.
Haue confirmacion by the malle
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
The malle in due tyme procureth rayne/
Wherby floures ād erbes freshly do sprynge.
And malle maketh it forto cease agayne/
When it so aboundeth to their hyndrynge.
All maner matrymony and maryinge.
Is solemnysed by the malle/
Nowe deceased/ alas alas.
To loudears and men goynge a warre fare/
The malle is ever a sure protection.
It preserveth people from wofull care/

Drybynge awaye all affliccion.
Alas who can shewe by descripcion.
All the profferte of the masse/
Nowe decealed alas alas.
O wofull chaunce: most infortunate/
So sodenly makynge comutacion.
Never sence the worlde was fyrst create/
Was therea thynge of soche reputacion.
For in every londe and nacion.
All goodnes cam by the masse/
Nowe decealed/ alas alas.
Whatt avayleth nowe to have a shavē hedde/
Or to be aparelled with a longe gowne.
Oure anoynted hondes do vs lytle stedde/
Wher as the masse is thus plucked downe
Unto oure dishonowre all doeth rebowne.
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe decealed/ alas alas.
The gooddes of the churche are takē awaye/
Geven to povre folkes soffrynge indigence.
The devyne servyce vtterly doeth decaye/
With halowed oyle/ salt/ and frankynsence.
To holy water they have no reverence.
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe decealed/ alas alas.
All people because the masse is departed/
Seketh nowe/ Ceremonies to confounde.
The aultres of the lorde are subuerted/

With ymages which cost many a pounde.
The temples also are throwē to the grounde
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe decealed/ alas alas.
Wherfore nowe of my lamentacion
To make an ende with oute delaye.
Fare wele O holy consecracion/
With blyssed sanctus and agnus dei.
No lenger nowe with you we can praye.
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe decealed/ alas alas.
A due/ gentle dominus vobiscum/
With comfortable/ ite missa est.
Requiem eternam/ is nowe vndon/
By whom we had many a fest.
Requiescat in pace and goode rest.
Seynge that gone is the masse/
Nowe decealed/ alas alas.

¶ Here foloweth a breke Dialoge betwene two prestes servaunte/ named Watkyn. and Jeffraye.

Watkyn Effraye/ hardest thou oure master/
Thus with lamentable maner/
Most pitously complayne?
Jeffraye ¶ Herde it catha? yee be throode/
I praye god turne it vnto goode/

That it be nott to oure payne.
But is it of a very surety/
As it is spoken in the country/
That the holy masse is deade.
¶ Dead? yee Jeffraye by my hande/ Watt.
And that thou myght well vnderstande/
Hadde thou eny witt in thy heade.
For the soroufull constraynte/
Of oure maisters complaynte/
Allonely for hys deceace was.
Wherfor lett vs oure counsell take/
What shyfte for vs is best to make/
Seynge that deceased is the masse.
¶ Mary watkyne thou sayest very trothe/ Jef.
We shall have but a colde brothe/
I feare me shortely after this.
But I praye the tell me nowe playne/
Was he by eny myschaunce slayne/
Or was it for age that he deade is.
¶ Naye/ it was not surly for age/ Wat.
For he was of lusty courage/
Though he had very many yeres.
Also he had continued still/
Yf prestes myght haue had their will/
With the helpe of monkes and fryres.
Butt he was assauted so sore/
That he coulde resist no more/
And was fayne to geve ouer.

Then cam his aduerſaries with myght/
And ſlewe hym oute of honde quyght/
As though he had bene a faulce rober.
Jek. ¶ With what wepen did they hym kyll/
Whether with polaxe or with bill?
A goode felowſhippe lightly tell.
Wat. ¶ Naye: with a ſharpe two edged ſworde/
Which as they ſaye was goddis worde/
Drawne oute of the holy goſpell.
Jek. ¶ And is goddis worde of ſoche myght/
That it ſlewe the maſſe downe right/
Of ſo auncient continuaunce?
My thynketh it ſhulde not be true/
Seynge that preſtes wolde hym reſcue/
With worldly ryches and ſubſtaunce.
Monkes/ channons/ all ſhaven crownes/
Wolde have brought their village ād tounes/
With their whole religious rable.
Which vnder antichriſtis raygne/
Are of ſectes variable and vayne/
Forto be reckened in numerable.
Oure maſter alſo I dare ſaye/
With many wother preſtes gaye/
Whom I knowe very well.
Wolde have ſpent all their goode.
Yee verely their owne hert bloude/
To helpe maſſe agaynſt the goſpell.
Wat. ¶ Toſſhe man they did all their beſt/

Not sparynge to opyn their chest/
Gevynge out brybes liberally.
Wherby they had gret confidence/
For to have done moche assistence/
In ayde of the malle certaynly.
But it provayled theim nothynge/
For goddis worde hath soche workynge/
That none maye resist contrary.
¶ Well/ yet take it for no scorne/ Jek.
I tell the wheare as I was borne/
They resist the gospell openly.
And the principall doars be suche/
As nowe a dayes governe the churche/
No smale soles I promes the.
And namly one that is the cheke/
Whiche is not kedd/ so ofte with rost beke/
As with rawe motten so god helpe me.
Whole mule yf it shulde be solde/
So gayly trapped with velvet and golde/
And geven to vs for oure schare.
I durst ensure the one thynge/
As for a competent lyvynge/
This seven yere we shulde not care.
¶ Yf he be soche what is his name/ Wat.
Or of what regarde is his fame?
I beseche the shortly expresse.
¶ Mary/ some men call hym Carnall/ Jek.
And some saye he is the devill and all/

Patriarcke of all wickednes.

Wat. ¶ Well/ to be breke with outen glose/
And not to swarue from oure purpose/
Take goode hede what I shall saye.
The tyme will come or it be longe/
When thou shalt se their statly thronge/
With miserable ruyne decaye.
Note wele the ensample of Rome/
To what misery it is come/
Which was their hedde principall.
Goddis worde the grownde of vertue/
They went aboute for to subdue/
Werby they have gotten a saule.

Jek. ¶ Beleve me/ thou speakest reason/
I trowe we shall se a season/
To the confusion of theym all.
But nowe to oure mater agayne/
I wolde heare merveloully fayne/
In what place the masse deceased.

Wat. ¶ In Strasbrugh/ that noble towne/
A Cyte of most famous renowne/
Wheare the gospell is frely preached.

Jek. ¶ And what dost thou their names call/
Which were counted in especiall/
The aduersaries of the masse?

Wat. ¶ Truly there where clarkes many one/
And gretly learned every chone/
Whose names my memory do passe.

Howe be it/ Hedius/ Butzer. and Capito/
Celarius/ Symphorian/ and wother mo/
In dede were reputed the cheke.
Whose lyuynge is so inculpable/
That their enemies with oute fable/
In theym coulde fynde no repreke.
¶ What did then the temporalte/ Jek.
Wolde they all there vnto agre/
With outen eny dissencion?
¶ As for the cōmens vniuersally/ Watt.
And a greate parte of the senatory/
Were of the same intencion.
Though a feawe were on the wother syde/
But they were lyghtly satisfyed/
Whē they could nott goddis worde denaye
¶ I perceaue then manifestly/ Jek.
The bisshoppe with his whole clargy/
Were absent and awaye.
¶ They were not absent I the ensure/ Wat.
For with the masse they dyd endure/
Whyls to speake they had eny breth.
In somoche that for all this/
The bisshoppe ceaseth not with his/
To revenge the masses death.
He spareth nott to course and banne/
Doynge all that ever he canne/
To revoke masse vnto lyke agayne.
He spendeth many a gulden/

To hange/ morther/ and bren/
The malles aduerlaries certayne.
Jek. ¶ And getteth he any goode therby?
Wat. ¶ But littell yet J the certely/
And J trowe lelle he shall have.
Nowe for all his hye magnificence/
They counte hym lavynge reuerence/
Not mochе better than a knaue.
Jek. ¶ Peace whorlone/ beware of that/
J tell the his skynne is conlecrat/
Anoynted with holy oyntmente.
Wat. ¶ Yee/ so many a knaues skinne/
Is grelyd with out and with in/
And yett they are not excellente
Jek. ¶ Cockes bones/ this is rancke herely/
Yf it were knowne: by and by/
Thou shuldelt a faggote beare.
To speake so of sochе a prelate/
Whiles they are all of the same rate/
For the more parte euery wheare.
But to the purpose that we beganne/
What did monkes and fryeres thanne/
When malle went thus to wracke?
Wat. ¶ So vttered was their abusione/
That with great confusione/
They were fayne to stande abacke.
Jek. ¶ Och: J knowe a fryer in a place/
Whom they call father Matthias/

Yf he had bene at this brayde.
He wolde have made soche a noyse/
With his horrible shrill voyce/
Able to have made theym afrayde.
¶ Tosshe/ there were fyres two or thre/ Wat.
In fayth as grett panched as he/
With bellies more then a barell.
Which for all their learned strengthe/
Were so confounded there at lengthe/
That they gave over their quarell.
¶ What made Jhon Faber and Emser/ Jek.
With their aiders Eckyus and Horner/
Did they vnto malle no socoure?
¶ Yes truly/ with wordes of greate boste/ Wat.
They spared nott to sende their oste/
Threatnynge withfearfull terroure.
Howe be it they had soche impediment/
That they coulde nott be there present/
As thou shalt the cale vnderstonde.
Emser somtyme a reguler chanon/
To defende the massis cannon/
Longe before had taken in honde.
Which craftely to vpholde with lyes/
So grevously troubled his eyes/
And also encombred his brayne.
That there was no remedy/
But he was fayne certenly/
At home/ a fole to remayne.

Flatterynge Faber/ full of disdayne/
Was newe admitted to be chaplayne/
Unto duke Ferdinand by othe.
Wherfore he had ynough of busynes/
To disswade the dukes noblenes/
From favourynge the godly trothe.
As for Horner/ the blynde lawear/
And Eckius/ the frowarde sophistrar/
They have afore castynge wisdome.
That in soche honorable audience/
Wheare as wyse clarckes are in presence/
They will nott very gladly come.

Jek. ¶ Medled nott Eralmus/ in this matter
Which so craftely can flatter/
With cloked dissimulacion?

Wat. ¶ He was busy to make will fre/
A thynge nott possible to be/
After wyse clarckis estimacion.
Wherfore he intermitted lytle/
As concernynge the mattis tytle/
With eny maner assercion.
He feareth greatly some men saye/
Yf matte shulde vtterly decaye/
Least he shulde lose his pension.
Notwithstondynge he hath in his hedde/
Sothe an opinion of the god of bredde/
That he wolde lever dye a marter.
Then ever he wolde be of this consent/

That christ is not theare corporally present/
In bredde wyne and water.
Also he hath geven sothe a laudacion/
Unto the ydols of abhominacion/
In his glosynge pistles before tyme.
That yf he shulde wother wyse reclame/
Yen wolde impute vnto his blame
Of vnstable inconstancy the cryme.
¶ Howe did they then with lobayne/ Jek.
And with the vniuersite of Colayne/
Made they right nogh for mallis parte?
¶ Yes surly with terrible vociferacion/ Wat.
They made wonderfull exclamacion/
The worde of god to subverte.
They sent therher Thomas and Scote/
With wother questionistes god wote.
Full of crakynge wordes inopinable.
But when it cam to the effecte/
They were so abalshed and deiecte/
That once to hisse they were nott able.
¶ It was a thynge playnly acorst/ Jek.
That malle went thus by the worst/
Havynge so many on his wynge.
¶ Goddis worde is so efficacious/ Wat.
And of strengthe so merbelous/
That agaynst it is no resistynge.
¶ Nevertheselle amonge this araye/ Jek.
Was nott theare one called Coclaye/

A littell pratye koolysshe poade?
But all though his stature be small.
Yett men saye he lacketh no gall/
More venemous than any toade.
No/ for he hadde a nother occupacyon/
Wat. ¶ Wrytinge to the englysshe nacyon/
Inuencyones of flatterye.
Jek. ¶ To Englonde? in goode tyme/
I trowe the vrchyn will clyme/
To some promocion hastely.
Wat. ¶ Or els truly it shal cost hym a fall/
For he is in fauoure with theym all/
Which haue the golpell in hate.
Continually he doth wryte/
Euer laborynge daye and nyght/
To vpholde antichristes estate.
Of papistes he is the defender/
And of Luther the condemner/
The golpell vtterly despysynge.
To forge lyes he hath no shame/
So that they somewhat frame/
With the processe of his writynge.
He wrote of late to Herman Rynckc/
Waskynge in vayne paper and yncke/
Pomeranes epystle to corrupte.
Which by christen men requyred/
Accordynge as he was desyred/
Dyd his parte theym to instructe.

No thynge ther in was reprobable/
But all to gedder true and veritable/
With out herely or eny faulte.
Howe be it this wretch vnshamfast/
Thorowe malicie was nott a gast/
The trueth with lyes to assaulte.
¶ Yf he be as thou sayst he is/ Jek.
I warant he shall not mis/
Of a benefice and that shortly.
For I ensure the oure Cardinall/
With wother bilshops in generall/
Love sochе a felowe entierly
But lett this nowe passe and go to/
What is best for oure proffit to do/
Seynge masse hath made his ende?
¶ Surely as farre as I can gesse/ Wat.
We are lyke to be masterlesse/
Yerre it be longe so god me mende.
For as sone as the masse is buried/
Oure master shalbe beggered/
Of all his ryche possession
¶ Then mate I put the out of doute/ Jek.
It is goode that we loke aboute/
Least we solke a newe lession.
Howe be it/ howe longe will it be/
Or ever that we shall se/
Of this dedde masse the buriall?
As touchynge that in very dede/

Wat. ¶ They are nott yett fully agrede/
But I suppose shortly they shall/
Some wolde have hym caried to Rome/
For be cause of all christendome/
It is the principall Se.
And some wolde have hym to Fraunce/
Because of the noble mayntenaunce/
That he had of Parys universite.
Some also perswade in goode ernest/
That in Englonde it were best/
His dedde coors rychly to begraue
Jek. ¶ Nowe after my folysshe coniecture/
They coulde nott for his sepulture/
Devyse/ a better place to have.
Also theare is Sayncte Thomas schryne/
Of precious stones and golde fyne/
Wherin the masse they maye laye.
Wherof the ryches incomprehensible/
As it is spoken by persones credible/
Myght an Emperours raunsome paye.
Morover theare is the Cardinall/
Of whose pompe to make rehearceall/
It passeth my capacite.
With stately bissoppes a greate sorte/
Which kepe a merbelous porte/
Concernynge worldely royalte.
Prestes also that are seculer/
With monkes and chanons reguler.

Abownde so in possession.
That both in welfare and wede/
With oute doute they farre excede/
The nobles of the region.
¶ Yf it be thus as thou dost declare/ Wat.
It is best that masse be buried theare/
With due honorable reverence.
¶ Ye but they have a frowarde witt/ Jek.
And par case they will nott admitt/
But vtterly make resistence?
¶ Holde thy peace and be content Wat.
The gospell by a cōmaundment/
To do it will strayghtly theym compell.
¶ They sett nott by the gospell a flye/ Jek.
Diddest thou not heare whatt villany/
Thy did vnto the gospell?
¶ Why/ did they agaynst hym conspyre? Wat.
¶ By my trothe they sett hym a fyre/ Jek.
Openly in London cite.
¶ Who caused it so to be done? Wat.
¶ In sothe the Bisshoppe of London/ Jek.
With the Cardinalls authorite.
Which at Paulis crosse ernestly/
Denounced it to be heresy/
That the gospell shuld come to lyght.
Callynge theym heretikes execrable
Whiche cauled the gospell venerable/
To come vnto laye mens syght.

He declared there in his curiousnes/
That he kownde errours more and les/
Above thre thousande in the translacion.
Howe be it when all cam to pas/
I dare saye vnable he was/
Of one errour to make probacion.
Alas he sayde/ maisters and frendes/
Consyder well nowe in youre myndes/
These heretike diligently.
They saye that cōmen women/
Shall allone come vnto heven/
As thole that lyve perfectly.

Wat. ¶ And was that their very sayinge?

Jek. ¶ After this wyse with oute saynynge/
In a certayne prologe they wryte.
That a whoare or an open synner/
By meanes of Christ oure redemer/
Whome god to repent doth incyte.
Shall soner come to saluacion/
By merite of Christis passion/
Then an outwarde holy lyver.

Wat. ¶ They did there none wother thinge shewe/
Then is rehearced in mathewe/
In the one and twenty chapter.

Jek. ¶ For all that /he sayde in his sermone/
Rather then the gospell shulde be comone/
Bryngynge people into errour
He wolde gladly soffre marterdome/

To vpholde the devyls kredome/
Of whom he is a confessoure.
¶ Why/ makest thou hym a saynt? Watt.
¶ Euen soche a one as paynters do paynt/ Jek.
On walles and bordes artificially.
Which with myters/ crosses/ and copes/
Apere lyke gaye bisshops and popes/
In strawnge fassion outwardly.
But they are ydols in effecte/
Namette of antichristis secte/
To blynde folke deceatfully.
¶ I perceave well nowe that/ honores/ Wat.
As it is spoken/ mutant mores/
With soche men most cōmenly.
But thynkest thou in thy mynde/
That he coulde in his herte fynde/
In soche a cale death to souffer/
¶ Naye/ yt was a worde of office/ Jek.
I warante he is nott so folisshe/
To putt his boddy so in daunger.
Nevertheselle with tonge and porsle/
All though he shulde fare the worsse/
Gladly he will do his dever.
To plucke the worde of god downe
And to exalte the thre folde crowne
Of antichrist hys dever.
Also there is a charge vnder payne/
That no man eny thynge retayne/

Of the golpel newly tranſlate.
For yf they preſume the contrary/
They loſe their goodes with oute mercy/
And their boddies to be incarcerate.
Moreover that no clarcke be ſo bolde/
Prevy or pearte/ with hym to holde/
Preachynge ought in his laboure.
But contrary their braynes to ſett/
Bothe in ſcoles and in the pulpett/
Hym and all his to diſhonoure.
Wherfore it boteth the golpell nothynge
As concernynge the maſſis buryinge/
To ſende eny precepte thether.
For they had lever by this daye/
Go vnto the devill ſtrayght waye/
Then to obeye hym in eny maner.

Wat. ¶ This palleth of all that ever I hearde/
I wonder they were nott a feard/
Of ſo notable blaſphemy.
Nott with ſtondynge their interrupcion/
Shall tourne to their deſtruccion/
At longe runnynge fynally.
For though they cauſed to be brent/
The outwarde ſhaddowe or garment/
Of goddis worde ſo hye of pryce.
Yett the grownde of his maieſty/
Printed in chriſten hertes ſecretly/
They are nott able to preiudyce.

Therfore whyther they will or nill/
Yf it be the holy golpels will/
Malle in Englonde to bury.
Lett theym crake vntill they burst/
Doyng their beſt and their wurſt/
Itt avayleth nott a chery.
They are worldly and carnall/
And the golpell is ſpretuall/
Aſſiſted with angels preſence.
¶ Yf it come vnto that reckenynge/ Jek.
They will mo angels with theym brynge/
Then ſhalbe in the golpels aſſiſtence.
¶ Have they of angels eny garnyſon? Wat.
¶ Ye god knoweth many a legion/ Jek.
Att all tymes theym to ſocoure.
¶ Howe do they theſe angels gett? Wat.
¶ By my fayth of povre mens ſwett/ Jek.
Which for theym ſore do laboure.
¶ A ha/ I wott well what thou meane/ Wat.
Soche angels are nott worthe a beane/
Yf it come to the poynt once.
But nowe wolde I heare the expreſſe/
The maner of their holyneſſe/
Breffly declared att once.
¶ Mary that is done forthe with all/ Jek.
For they have no holynes attall/
As farre as I ſawe yett ever.
Howe be it ſhortly to diſcouſſe/

Their proude estate so glorious
I shall here my selfe endever.
Fyrst as I sayde there is a Cardinall/
Which is the Ruler principall/
Through the realme in every parte.
Wat. ¶ Have they not in Englonde a Kynge?
Jeff. ¶ Alas mañe/ speake not of that thynge/
For it goeth to my verye harte.
And I shall shewe the a cause whye/
There is no Prynce vnder the skye/
That to compare with hym is able.
A goodly persone he is of stature/
Endued with all gyftes of nature/
And of gentrylnes incomparable.
In sondrye sciences he is sene/
Havynge a ladye to his Mwene/
Example of womanlye behaveoure.
Notwithstandynge for all this/
By the Cardinall ruled he is/
To the dishaynynge of his honoure.
Wat. ¶ Doeth he folowe the Cardinales intente?
Jef. ¶ Yee/ and that the cōmones repente/
With many a weppynge teare.
Wat. ¶ The Cardinall vexeth theym than?
Jef. ¶ Alas sens Englande fyrst began/
Was never soche a tyrante theare.
By his pryde and fawlce treachery/
Whoardom and baudy leachery/

He hath bene so intollerable.
That powre cōmens with their wyves/
In maner are weary of their lyves/
To se the londe so milerable.
Through all the londe he causeb periury/
And afterwarde toke awaye their money/
Procedynge most tyrannously.
The powre people nedy and bare/
His cruell herte wolde nott spare/
Leavynge theym in greate milery.
In somoche that for lacke of fode/
Creatures bought with Christis blode
Were fayne to dye in perous cas
Also a ryght noble Prince of fame/
Henry the ducke of buckyngame/
He causeb to deye alas alas.
The goodes that he thus gaddered/
Wretchedly he hath scattered/
In causes nothynge expedient.
To make wyndowes/ walles/ and dores/
And to mayntayne baudes and whores/
A grett parte therof is spent.
¶ Lett all this pas I praye the hertely/ Wat.
And shewe me somwhat seriously/
Of his spretuall magnificence.
¶ Fyrst he hath a tytle of. S. Cecile/ Jek.
And is a Legate of latere/
A dignite of hye premynence.

He hath bisshoprykes two or thre/
With the popes full authorite/
In cases of dispensacion.
Wat. ¶ He maye then with the masse dispence/
Yf he be faulen in the sentence/
Of the grett excōmunicacion?
Jek. ¶ That he maye in all maner cases/
Howe be it he geveth nothynge grates
But selleth all for reddy mony.
Excepte courtes and bleschynges
With syght of his golden rynges
All this he geveth frely.
Wat. ¶ Hath he so large faculte/
Of the popis benygnite/
As it is spoken abroade?
Jek. ¶ He stondeth in the popes roume/
Havynge of his bulles a grett some/
I trowe an whoale carte loade.
Wherwith mens porses to discharge/
He extendeth his power more large/
Then the power of almyghty god.
For whether it be goode or ill/
His pervers mynde he will fulfill/
Supplantynge the trueth by falshod.
To gett hym a synguler name/
The londe he bryngeth out of frame/
Agaynst all goddis forbod.
He tourneth all thynge topsy tervy/

Nott sparynge for eny symony/
To sell spretuall gyftes.
In grauntes of consanguinite/
To mary with in neare degre/
He getteth awaye mens thryftes.
Of seculer folke he can make reguler/
And agayne of reguler seculer/
Makynge as he lyst blacke of whyte.
Open whordom and advoutry/
He aloweth to be matrimony/
Though it be never so vnryght.
Laufull wedlocke to divorce/
He geveth very lytle force/
Knowynge no cause wherfore.
He playeth the devill and his dame/
All people reportynge the same/
Courtle the tyme that ever he was bore.
¶ It cannot syncke in my mynde/ Wat.
That the Cardinall is so blynde/
To make eny soche divorcement.
¶ Though it be nott in thy beleke/ Jek.
I tell the to putt it in preke/
He doth all that he can invent.
¶ Bitwixte whom dost thou wene? Wat.
¶ Bitwixte the Kynge and the Quene/ Jek.
Which have bene longe of one assent.
¶ Some cause then he hath espyed/ Wat
Which alonder theym to devyde/

Is necessary and vrgent.

Jek. ¶ Nothynge but the butcher doth layne/
That the goode lady is barayne/
Lyke to be pall chylde bearynge.

Wat. ¶ Had the kynge never chylde by her?

Jek. ¶ No man sawe ever goodlyer/
Then those which she forth did brynge.

Wat. ¶ Is there eny of theym a lyve?

Jek. ¶ Yea Princes/ whom to describe/
It were herde to an oratoure.
She is but a chylde of age/
And yett is she bothe wyse and sage/
Of very beautifull faheoure.
Perfectly she doth represent/
The singuler graces excellent/
Bothe of father and mother.
Howe be it all this nott regardynge/
They carter of orcke is meddelynge/
Forto diuorce theym a sonder.

Watt. ¶ Are nott the nobles here with offended?

Jek. ¶ Yes/ but it can not be amended/
As longe as he is the ruler.

Wat. ¶ I thynke the Quene is nott faulty/
But hathe done ynough of her party/
Yf it had pleased goddis benificence.

Jek. ¶ None is faulty but the butcher/
Whom almyghty god doth suffer/
To scourge the peoples offence.

Unto god he is so odious/
That nothynge can be prosperous/
Where as he hath gouernaunce.
Sens that he cam fyrst forwarde/
All thynges have gone backwarde/
With moche myscheke and mischaunce.
No yerly purpose he doeth intende/
That ever cōmeth to a goode ende/
But damage and tribulacion.
¶ In these parties it is verifyed — Wat.
That he hath a college edifyed/
Of mervelous foundacion.
¶ Of preuy houses of baudry/ — Jek.
He hath made a stues openly/
Endued with large exibicion.
¶ Lyckest thou to whoarmongers/ — Wat.
A colage of clarkes and scolears/
Ensuynge learned erudicion.
¶ Thou mayst perceave/ by reason/ — Jek.
That vertue shalbe very geason/
Amonge a sorte of ydle lolels.
Which have ryches infinite/
In welth and worldly delyte/
Geven to pleasure and nothynge eles.
¶ They rede there both greke and ebrue/ — Wat.
¶ I will not saye but it is true/ — Jek.
That there be men of grett science.
Howe be it where pryde is the begynnynge.

The devill is comenly the endynge/
As we se by experience.
And yf thou consyder well/
Even as the towre of Babell/
Began of a presompcion.
So this colledge I dare vndertake/
Which the Cardinall doth make/
Shall confunde the region.
What is it to se dogges and cattes/
Gargell heddes and Cardinall hattes/
Paynted on walles with moche cost.
Which ought of dute to be spent/
Apon powre people indigent/
For lacke of fode vtterly lost.

Wat. Hath he for soche folke no providence?

Jek. No/ savynge only to rid them hence/
A proper waye he ymageneth.

Wat. After what maner porviaunce?

Jek. Truely least they shulde be cõbraunce/
A warfare he theym sendeth.

Wat. Many of theym then are slayne?

Jek. They never come home haulfe agayne/
I maye tell the in goode plyght.
For some be taken presoners/
And some are dedde of the fevers/
Many of theym losynge their syght.
Of twenty thousande fyghtynge men/
Scant returneth home agayne ten/

In goode state and perfect lykynge.
For the more parte made beggers/
And so become robbers and stelers/
Wherby they have a shroade endynge.
¶ He fareth nott the better for warre/ Wat.
¶ Yes mary/ it doth hym prefarre/ Jek.
To more gaynes then I can rehearce.
For fyrst or the warre do begynne/
They laboure his favoure to wynne/
Gevynge gyftes many and dyvers.
And yf it cannot be so pacifyed/
They brybe hym on the wother syde/
At the least for to be favoured.
And fynally warre for to ceace/
With rewardes they must hym greace/
Or els peace cannot be performed.
¶ Dothe he practyse suche conveyaunce? Wat.
¶ Ye/ and for that cause in Fraunce/ Jek.
This warre tyme he was beloved.
¶ Thou makest hym then a trayter? Wat.
¶ I recken hym a false fayterer/ Jek.
yf the very trueth were proved.
¶ Well lett this pas/ howe dothe he/ Wat.
In gevynge grauntes of liberte/
And cases that be dispensable?
¶ He foloweth the cõmen practyse/ Jek.
Of marchantes in their marchandyse/
To gett worldly goodes movable.

Sayynge they take grett laboures/
And he doth all by his factoures/
Restynge in quyet felicite.
Ye hath falce fariſes and ſcrybes/
Gappynge for nothynge but for brybes/
Full of fraudes and perverſite.
Wat. ¶ They are named yett wother wyſe/
Jek. ¶ Trothe/ but they folowe their gyſe/
In wicked operacions.
Wat. ¶ I put a caſe nowe they be leawde/
As I thyncke they are all be ſhrewde/
In their adminiſtracions/
Shall they to hell for the Cardinall/
Or els thynkeſt thou that he ſhall/
Go therher in his owne perſone?
Jek. ¶ Though he have here ſoche prerogative/
In all poyntes that be diſpenſative/
To performe it by cõmyſſion.
Yett in this poynt ſekerly/
Ye muſt performe it perſonally/
Withoute eny exemption.
Wat. ¶ Yf he be as thou haſt here ſayde/
I wene the devils will be afrayde/
To have hym as a companion.
For what with his execracions/
And with his terrible fulminacions/
Ye wolde handle theym ſo.
That for very drede and feare/

All the devils that be theare/
Wilbe glad to let hym go.
¶ As for that thou mayst be allured/ Jek.
The devils with courtes are inured/
As authours there of with out fayle.
¶ What yf he will the devils bliste? Wat.
¶ They regarde it no more be gifte/ Jek.
Then waggynge of his mules tayle.
¶ Doth he vse then on mules to ryde? Wat.
¶ Ye and that with so shamfull pryde/ Jek.
That to tell it is not possible.
More lyke a god celestiall/
Then eny creature mortall/
With worldly pompe incredible.
Before hym rydeth two prestes stronge/
And they beare two crosses right longe/
Gappynge in every mans face.
After theym folowe two laye men secular/
And eache of theym holdynge a pillar/
In their hondes/ steade of a mace.
Then foloweth my lorde on his mule/
Trapped with golde vnder her cule/
In every poynt most curiously.
On eache syde a pollaxe is borne/
Which in none wother vse are worne.
Pretendynge some hid mistery.
Then hath he servaunte fyve or six score/
Some behynde and some before/

A marvelous great company.
Of which/ are lordes and gentlemen/
With many gromes and yemen/
And also knaves amonge.
Thus dayly he procedeth forthe/
And men must take it at worthe/
Whether he do right or wronge.
A grett carle he is and a fatt/
Wearynge on his hed a red hatt/
Procured with angels subsidy.
And as they say in tyme of rayne/
Fower of his gentelmen are fayne/
To holde over it a cannopy.
Besyde this to tell the more newes/
He hath a payre of costly shewes/
Which seldom touche eny grownde.
They are so goodly and curious/
All of golde and stones precious.
Costynge many a thousande pownde.

Wat. And who did for thes shewes paye?

Jek. Truly many a ryche abbaye/
To be eased of his visitacion.

Wat. Doth he in his owne persone visit?

Jek. No/ another for hym doth it/
That can skyll of the occupacion.
A felowe nether wyse nor sadde/
But he was never yett full madde/
Though he be frantyke and more.

Doctor Alyn he is named/
One that to lye is not aſhamed/
yf he ſpye avauntage therfore.
¶ Are ſoche with hym in eny pryce? Wat.
¶ Ye/ for they do all his advyce/ Jek.
Whether it be wronge or right.
¶ Hath the Cardinall eny gay manſion? Wat.
¶ Grett palaces with out comparelon/ Jek.
Moſt glorious of outwarde ſight.
And with in decked poynt device/
More lyke vnto a paradice/
Then an erthely habitacion.
¶ Ye cōmeth then of ſome noble ſtocke? Wat.
¶ His father coulde ſnatche a bullock/ Jek.
A butcher by his occupacion.
¶ Howe cam he vnto this glory? Wat.
¶ Playnly by the devils policy/ Jek.
As it is every wheare ſayde.
¶ Are the ſtates here with all content. Wat.
¶ Yf they ſpeake aught they are ſhent/ Jek.
Wherfore I tell the they are a frayde.
¶ Whatt abſtinence vſeth he to take? Wat.
¶ In Lent all fyſſhe he doth forſake/ Jek.
Fedde with partriges and plovers.
¶ Ye leadeth then a Lutherans lyfe? Wat.
¶ O naye/ for he hath no wyfe/ Jek.
But whoares that be his lovers.
¶ Yf he vſe whoares to occupy/ Wat.

It is grett marvell certaynly/
That he escapeth the frenche pockes.
Jek. ¶ He had the pockes with out fayle/
Wherfore people on hym did rayle/
With many obprobrious mockes.
Wat. ¶ He was then abhorred of his prince?
Jek. ¶ By my troth man/ not an ynche/
Still in favoure continually.
Wat. ¶ By the devill then he worketh?
Jek. ¶ Truly so every man iudgeth.
But alas what remedy?
Wat. ¶ Hath he children by his whoares allo?
Jek. ¶ Ye and that full prowdly they go/
Namly one whom I do knowe.
Which hath of the churches goodes clerly/
More then two thousand pownde yerly/
And yett is not content I trowe.
His name is master Winter/
For whom my lorde his father/
Hathe gotten of the frenche kynges grace.
That when the bilshop of Rone/
Out of this lyfe is dedde and gone/
He shall succede hym in his place.
Wat. ¶ And is his father as redy/
To promoute the noble progeny/
As he is towardes his bastardes?
Jek. ¶ He favoureth lytell noble lynage/
Takynge a waye their heritage/

Rather then to lett theym forwardes.
He breaketh mens testamentes/
And contrary to their intentes/
At his owne mynde and pleasure.
He wilbe nedes their executours/
Sayinge with the devill all his oures/
Rychely to encreace his treasoure.
Many a goode ladys ioynter/
He engroseth vp into his coker/
Of the which some here to name.
I recken the Countes of Darby/
With the Countes of Salbury/
Also the Duches of Buckyngame.
¶ Is the devil soche an whorsone? Wat.
¶ Och/ there is nether duke ne barone/ Jek.
Be they never of so grett power.
But they are constrayned to crouche/
Before this butcherly slouche/
As it were vnto an Emproure.
¶ Nowe surly then after my mynde/ Wat.
They cannot soche another fynde/
The dedde mallis office to solempnise.
¶ Yf it be his pleasure he maye/ Jek.
Howe be it he vseth lytell to praye/
For it is late or he do aryse.
Also as farre as I canne muse/
To do this office he will refuse/
Dredynge his pompe therby to lose.

Wat. ¶As for that/ it shall nothynge skyll/
Playnly yf it be the gospels will/
Do it he must and cannot chose.
Jek. ¶Yett it wilbe a parelous busines/
For bisshops and prestes doutles/
To ayde hym will nott be slacke.
Though they loue hym as the devill/
Yett to do the gospell some evill/
No diligence in theym shall lacke.
Wat. ¶Have the bisshops so grett ryches?
Jek. ¶It is nott possible to expres/
The treasure of the spretualte.
Wat. ¶What/ are the bisshops divines?
Jek. ¶Ye they can wele skyll of wynes/
Better then of devinite.
Lawears they are of experience/
And in cases agaynst conscience/
They are parket by practyse.
To forge excommunicacions/
For tythes and decimacions/
Is their continuall exercyse.
As for preachynge they take no care/
They wolde se a course at an hare/
Rather then to make a sermon.
To folowe the chace of wylde dere/
Pastynge the tyme with joly chere/
Amonge theym all is cōmon.
To playe at the cardes and dyce/

Some of theym are nothynge nyce/
Both at hasard and momchaunce.
They dryncke in gaye golden bolles/
The bloudde of powre simple soules/
Perisshynge for lacke of sustenaunce.
Their hongery cures they never teache/
Nor will soffre none wother to preache/
But soche as can lye and flatter.
Biddynge the beades after this rate/
Ye shall praye for the goode estate/
Of my lorde my master.
And so redynge a ragge mans roule/
He exhorteth to praye for the soule/
Of this persone and of that.
Which gave boke/ bell/ or challes/
To the fortheraunce of goddis serves/
Babblynge he wotteth neare what.
Soche preachers be cōmended/
And the wother are reprehended/
Which preache the gospell purly.
So they sitt apon coushens softe/
Their royalte exalted alofte/
They regarde nott goddis worde surly.
They are so geven to avaryce/
That they ponder no preiudyce/
Happenynge to the comen weall.
They norysshe servauntes in ydelnes/
Which when they are masterles/

Are constrayned to begge or steale.
To tell all the abhominacion/
Of their wretched conuersacion/
It were bothe longe and tedious.
Wat. ¶If the bisshops do so abownde/
Howe are seculer prestes sownde/
With persons which be religious?
Jek. ¶Thynkest that with theym it is scant/
Naye naye man/I the warant/
They sele no indigent rearage.
For they have goodes innumerable/
And fare mocbe better at their table/
Then lordes of worthy parage.
Fortune with prestes runneth on wheles/
So that some have after their heles/
A scoare of yemen taule and stoute.
Whom for to mayntayne ydely/
They have benefyces very many/
In the country there aboute.
Wherby they are so proude and bayne/
That the noble men they disdayne/
With scornfull indignacion.
Though peraventure their fathers/
Were other sowters or cobblers/
Of no maner reputacion.
As for religious folke to be breefe/
In all Englonde they have the cheefe/
And most pleasaunt cõmodities.

The goodly coyles/ the goodly londes/
Wrongfully they holde in their hondes/
Endued with many knyghtes fees.
By coloure of their faulce prayres/
Defrauded are the ryght heyres/
From their true inheritaunce.
They are the cause of mylery/
Of whordom/ theft/ and beggery/
To the cōmen welles hynderaunce.
No frutfull worke they vse/
All honest labour they refuse/
Geven wholy to sluggeshnes.
They are nether goostly nor divine/
But lyke to brut beastes and swyne/
Waltrynge in synfull wretchednes.
I speake this of the possessioners/
All though the mendicant orders/
Are nothynge lesse abhominable.
Whose lyvynge is with oute laude/
Norished in rappyne and fraude/
Grounded on lesynge detestable.
They are the devils messengers/
And of antichrist the members/
Example of all perversite.
They are ydols of flattery/
And apostels of hypocrysy/
Replenished with enormite.
Lo/ here I have thus reported/

Howe their lyfe is partly ordred/
And vnder what condicion.

Wat. ¶ That thou hast I make god a vowe/
Inlomoche that I marvayle howe/
Thou knowest their dispoſicion.
But I praye the/ doſt thou iudge/
That they will murmer and grudge/
At the dedde maſſis buryinge?

Jek. ¶ Ye syr I wis man I am ſure/
They will laboure with buſy cure/
His ſepulture forbiddynge.
For why their ſuperfluite/
By the maſſis liberalite/
Only hath ſupportacion.

Wat. ¶ What ſuppoſeſt thou of men temporall?

Jek. ¶ I thynke they wolde holde here with all/
Yf they had due informacion.
Nevertheleſſe at the begyn̄ynge/
Dede maſſe amonge theym to bryngе/
There wilbe ſome difficulte.
Be cauſe of longe continuaunce/
They have had truſt and affiaunce/
Thorowe the maſſe ſaved to be.
For theſe preſtes and fryres perſwade/
That by the maſſe they ſhall evade/
Eternall payne and punnyſhment.
Whoſe ſuffrage doeth theym gret ſtedde/
Profitable bothe to quicke and dedde/

After their mynde and iudgement.
¶ Ye to prestes and fryers miserable/ Wat.
Doutles the masse is profitable/
And is the mill of their welfare.
But to the people without faynynge/
It is playne a fraudfull deceavynge/
To make their porse empty and bare.
¶ Nowe truly I trowe as thou dost saye/ Jek.
Even there goeth the hare quyte awaye/
And all their babellynge is but lyes.
All though there be wother obstacles/
Be cause of the grett myracles/
Dayly practysed before oure eyes.
¶ Thou never sawest myracle wrought? Wat.
¶ I/ no by hym that me bought/ Jek.
But as the prestes make rehearceall.
¶ Canst thou rehears me nowe one? Wat.
¶ No I cannot/ but oure syr Jhon Jek.
Can/ in his Englisshe festivall.
¶ Geve they to soche fables credence? Wat.
¶ They have them in more reverence/ Jek.
Then the gospell a thousand folde.
Also ther is nether whoare nor theefe/
Nor eny of so wicked mischefe/
But by the masse is made bolde.
For yf they heare once a prestis masse/
They trust surly that daye to passe/
Without all parell or daungeoure.

Crafty sorcerers and falce dyce players/
Pickeporles and prevy conveyers/
By the malle hope to have socoure.
Marchantes pallynge viages on farre/
And soudiars goynge forthe to warre/
By the malle are ofte preserved.
Malle bryngeth synners to grace/
And fendes awaye it doeth chace/
Above all thynges preferred.
Malle solemniseth mariage/
And kepeth people from domage/
Caulynge also wedder to be fayer.
Malle maketh tame thynges of wylde/
And helpeth wemen to be with chylde/
Thorowe assistence of the fayer.
Malle avayleth agaynst sycknes/
A proved remedy for all distres/
And for thynges that be gone.
Thus to conclude with brevite/
Of the whole churches felicite/
The malle is mayntener alone.

Wat. ¶ The nobles that be wyse and sage/
I suppose with soche blynde dotage/
They cannot so folisshly begyle.

Jef. ¶ Troth it is/ some of theym begynne/
To have lytell confidence there in/
And lesse woll with in a whyle.
Which of the bisshops is perceaved/

Wherfore they have nowe restrayned/
Under the payne of courtynge.
That no laye man do rede or loke/
In eny trutfull englisshe boke/
Wholy scripture concernynge.
Their frantyke holy is so pevisshe/
That they contempne in Englisshe/
To have the newe Testament.
But as for tales of Robyn hode/
With wother iestes nether honest nor goode/
They have none impediment.
Their madde vnlavery teachynges/
And theyr fantasticall preachynges/
Amonge simple folke to promote.
For no cost they spare nor stynte/
Openly to put theym in prynte/
Treadynge scripture vnder their fote.
Also their decrees and decretalle/
With holysshe dreames papisticalle/
They compell people to rede.
Howe be it the confutacion/
Of their abhominacion/
They will not soffre to procede.
¶ Kepe thou silence and be whyst/ Wat.
Though with grett crakes they resist/
For a lytell sealon present.
Yett I warant within shortt space/
Walle will have there his beryinge place/

Acordynge as it is convenient.

Jek. ¶So moche the worse for oure thryfte/
For then there is none wother shyfte/
A newe master we must vs gett.

Wat. ¶All though masse be dedde and rotten/
A master maye lyghtly be gotten/
Yf we oure mynde to laboure lett.

Jek. ¶Ye but prestes servyce is gaye/
For we maye with theim all waye/
In ydelnes have grett respyt.

Wat. ¶That for a christen man is nott best/
Borne vnto laboure and not vnto rest/
As the foule is vnto flyght.
But nowe all this matter to spare/
Lett us oure masters dyner prepare/
For it is hye tyme verely.

Jek. ¶A felyship lett vs go a pace/
For he will beshrowe oure face/
Yf he fynde not all thynge redy.

Wat. ¶Hawe/ I praye the yett abyde/
Sett thy bulynes a whyle a syde/
And lett vs have fyrst a longe.

Jek. ¶What woldest thou that I shulde synge?

Wat. ¶Surly some propper conveyed thynge
Not over tedious nor longe.

Jek. ¶I trowe thou arte a syngynge man?
The devil of the whit that I can/
But I love specially sothe geare.

¶ Will thou have it mery or sadde? Jek.
¶ I koarce not be it goode or badde/ Wat.
So that I maye come what heare/
¶ If thou will thy mynde satisfy/ Jek.
Gett the into some monastery/
And be amonge theym in the queare.
¶ Do they vse soche ioly syngynge? Wat.
¶ It is the crafte of their lyvynge/ Jek.
Wherby they make lusty cheare.
¶ But I vnderstonde nott what they saye/ Wat.
¶ By my sothe no more do they/ Jek.
I may shewe the in counsell.
¶ Shall I are the nowe a question? Wat.
¶ Ye hardely a goddis benelon/ Jek.
And I will not spare the to tell.
¶ Ware thou never in religion? Wat.
¶ Yes so god helpe me and halydom/ Jek.
A dosen yeres continually.
¶ Then thou knowest moche vnhappines? Wat.
¶ A grett deale more then goodnes/ Jek.
I promes the faythfully.
¶ Well lett vs differ this till soune/ Wat.
When oure maisters diner is done/
We will agayne come hydder.
¶ I am content even so to do/ Jek.
¶ Fyrst synge a balett/ go to/ Wat.
And then will we to diner.
¶ Alas I am marveloully drye/ Jek.

Wat. ¶Thou shalt dryncke man by an by/
What nedeth the so to lynger?
Jek. ¶Have at it in the best manner.

¶In the ioyfull moneth of ioly June/
Walkynge all alone my care to solas.
I herde a voyce with a dolorous tune/
Full pitioully cryinge/ alas alas.
The worlde is worlle then ever it was.
Never so depe in miserable decaye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Fyrst to begynne at the spretualte/
Whose lyvynge shulde be example of grace.
Indued with parfett workes of charite/
Sekynge goddis honoure in every cace.
The worlde with his vanites they enbrace.
Renyinge god all though they saye naye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Of this worlde they have the cheke dominion
With stately preeminence temporall.
They prealume to be hadde in opinion/
Of the people/ as lordes emperiall.
Worshipfull seniours we must theym call/
Requyrynge that we shulde to theym obeye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The ryches and gooddes of the cõmen weall/
Hath sett theym in their honoure full hye.
They are occaſion that theves do ſteall/
And cauſe of all miſcheſe and miſery.
The worldly treaſure they conſume ydely.
Nothynge regardynge but paſtãce and playe
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The laboure of the powre people they devower
And of nobles they waſte the patrimony.
They teache and exhorte men god to honoure
With their temporall ſubſtaunce and mony.
They clayme tythes to ſupporte their foly.
Inventynge many a faulce offerynge daye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

They ought of duty to preache the goſpell/
The wordes of lyfe/ ſo dulcet and ſwete.
Howe be it there agaynſt chefly they rebell/
Chriſtis doctryne troaden vnder their fete.
They beare vs in honde that it is nott mete.
The goſpell to be knowen of people laye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

They ſhulde be meke/ and they ar full of pryde
Voyde of true pacience replete with yre.
Envy they holde/ charite ſett a ſyde/
Retaynynge for chaſtite carnall deſyre.

Slouthe and glotteny in their hole empyre.
Hath made temperance and labour to straye
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Emprours ād kyngethey trappe in their lure/
Deceavynge theym bey falce adulacion.
So that of promocions they be sure/
Full lytell they ponder their damnacion.
They geve theym no true informacion/
And that evidently parceave they maye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The workes of mercy apon them are spent.
Poure people defraudynge with iniury.
They dryncke the bloud of soules innocent/
Simple folke begylynge outrageously.
Their foule fylthy carkes to magnyfy.
They wrappe in robes and costly araye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Goddis cōmaundmēte they trāsgresse opēly
To his godly love no respecte havynge.
They take his name in vayne with blasfemy/
Holy dayes after their own mynde kaynynge
To honour their parēte they are disdaynynge
More covetous then kytes waytynge apraye.
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Letcherous lucte leawdly they enbrace/
Forbiddynge wedloke agaynst goddis will.
Their subiectē they oppresse in wretched cace/
Prone vnto morther christen men to spill.
Sacrilege and simony is their corne mill.
Vsynge falce witnes the trueth to delaye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The sacramentē of christis ordinaunce.
Institute oure feble fayth to sustayne.
They have perverted vnto oure hyndraunce.
Enforcynge vs to trust in tryfles vayne.
Wother newe sacramentē falcely they fayne.
Obscurige godē worde as moch as they may
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Christis fredō they have brought in bondage
Of hevenly rightes makynge marchandyse.
In gostly workes they covett avauntage/
To fede their insaciate covetyse.
Of the damnable masse they make a sacrifyse
Compellynge men dearly for it to paye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Of hell and heven they make chevesance/
Faynynge as they lyst a purgatory.
Hypocrisy is leader of their daunce/
With wronge extorcion and bribery.

Of Christis worde they make herely/
Redy and prompte christen men to betraye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Wherfore brefly to kynnylshe my balade/
O hevenly father/ apon the I call.
Have pyte on man/ whom thou hast made/
To serve the in fredom spretuall.
Rid vs from antichristis bondes so thrall.
Wherwith we are fast bovnd nyght ād daye
That thy name be not blasphemed all waye.

Lo nowe I have done my best/
To satisfy the request/
Accordynge as thou delyredst.
Wat. ¶ I will holde the then no lenger/
But loke that thou remember/
To fulfill that thou promysedst.

¶ Here foloweth the Secunde parte.

O Lorde god what goode dayes/ Jek.
Thes monkes have in abbeyes/
And do nether swett nor swyncke.
Thei live in welthynes and eale/
Havynge what soever they pleale/
With delicate meate and dryncke.
Wher with they farce their bellies so full/
That to all goodnes they are dull/
Makynge mery with gill and Joan.
They sitt sleppynge in a corner/
Or momblynge their pater noster/
Their mynde nothynge ther apon.
Be they never so stronge or starcke/
They will exercyle no maner warcke/
Nor laboure boddily.
¶ Arte thou here Jeffray mate? Wat.
¶ Ye/ why comest thou so late? Jek.
I am fayne for the to tary.
¶ I was troubled with the estates/ Wat.
I bethrowe all their folisshe pates/
For cōmynge here this daye.
¶ So mot I the I thought the same/ Jek.
Howe be it the stuarde was to blame/
That he did no better porvaye.
¶ By thy fayth/ had thou better fare/ Wat.
In the cloyster where as thou ware/

Under the rule of the monastery?

Jek. ¶ Fare cotha? they eate their belies full/
Every man as moche as he wull/
And none layth blacke is his eye?

Wat. ¶ What do they for it/ eny thynge?

Jek. ¶ Truly nothynge but rede and synge/
Pallynge the tyme with sporte and playe.

Wat. ¶ That is a lyke in dede for the nones/
Thou ware a fole by thyle ten bones/
Whan thou camelt fro theym awaye?

Jek. ¶ O I thyncke my silfe moche fortunate/
That fro their lyke I am seperate/
Seynge it is so abhominable.

Wat. ¶ What abhominacion is there in?

Jek. ¶ Alas mate all to geder is synne/
And wretchednes most miserable.

Wat. ¶ What a man of religion/
Is reputed a dedde person/
To worldly conversacion?

Jek. ¶ It is of a trueth they are dedde/
For they are in no vse nor stedde/
To christen mens consolacion.
And as a dedde stynkynge carkace/
Unprofitably cloyeth a space/
Yf it be kepte above grownde.
So in their lyke superstitious/
Of wicked crymes enormious/
No maner profitablenes is fownde/

¶ Yett their order is very strayte? Wat.
¶ Ye but they vse soche a conssayte/ Jek.
That they make it ealy ynowe.
More ealy by the twenty parte/
Then to laboure in some arte/
Or to go with the carte or plowe.
¶ They have man the worlde forsaken/ Wat.
And a spretuall lyfe taken/
Consistynge in gostly busynes.
¶ What call ye the worlde I praye? Jek.
¶ Welthy ryches and pleasurs gaye/ Wat.
And occasions of synfulnes.
¶ Then are they in the worlde still/ Jek.
For they have all that they will/
With ryches and possessions.
And as touchynge the realme of vice/
Pryde/ wrath/ envy/ and avarice/
With wother synfull transgressions.
In this worlde that we do name/
There is none so farre oute of frame/
And lyve in soche outragiousnes.
¶ Yett Jeffrye thou erreste so god me save/ Wat.
For the fryers no possessions have/
But lyve only by pure almes.
¶ Fryers? nowe they are worst of all/ Jek.
Ruffian wretches and rascall/
Lodesmen of all knavisshnes.
Though they be no possessioners/

Yett are they intollerabill beggers/
Lyvynge on rapyn and diſceyte.
Worſhipfull matrons to begyle/
Honorable virgins to defyle/
Continually they do wayte.
Of honeſty they have no regarde:
To diſpleaſe god they are not afeardе/
For the valoure of a pynne/
Of whordom they are the very baudes/
Fraudulent inventers of fraudes/
Provocacion vnto ſynne.
They are ſlaunder of vertouſnes/
Occaſion vnto vicioufnes
Chickens of the devils broode.
To the trueth they are adverſaries/
Diligent imageners of lyes/
Depravers of thoſe that be goode.
They are antichriſtis godſones/
Promowters of his pardones/
And proctours of ſimony.
They are brokers heven to ſell/
Fre coppy holders of hell/
And ſe fermers of purgatory.
Of ſathan they are the ſoudiers/
And antichriſtis owne mariners/
His ſhippe forwardes to convey.
And to conclude ſeriouſly/
They are the hell howndes veryly/

Enmies agaynſt goddis worde allwaye.
¶ Nowe thou arte gretly oberlene/ Wat.
For in places there as I have bene/
They do goode I the certify.
For yf it wer not for the fryers/
There wolde not be in leven yeres/
A ſermon in the powre contry.
And as for their lyvynge truly/
They begge peoples almes purly/
Takynge ſoche thynges as they geve.
They have no walt ſuperfluite/
But even their bare neceſſite/
Scant ynough wherby to leve.
¶ I mean not that they are all bad/ Jek.
For I wolde the devill theym had/
Then with a fayre deliverance.
But of the gretter parte I thought/
Which I faye are worſſe then nought/
Replete with miſchevous vengeance.
Their preachynge is not ſcripture/
But fables of their coniecture/
And mens ymaginacions.
They brynge in olde wyves tales/
Both of Englonde/ Fraunce/ and Wales/
Which they call holy narracions.
And to theym ſcripture they apply/
Pervertynge it moſt ſhamfully/
After their owne opinions.

Wherwith the people beynge fedde/
In to manyfolde errours are ledde/
And wretched superstitions.
Of Christ oure mercifull saveoure/
They make a iudge full of terroure/
Only threatninge oure damnacion.
Whole saveoure as they falsly fayne/
We cannot be able to obteyne/
Without sayntes mediacion.
They saye that holy mens suffrages/
Pardons masses/ and pilgremages/
For synnes make satisfaccion.
They bid vs in oure workes to trust/
Wherby they saye that we must/
Deserve oure saluacion.
Fayth litell or nothynge they repute/
Wherof we beynge destitute/
Are brought into desperacion.
And as for their lyke doutles/
It is the well of ongracioulnes/
Of iniquite the myroure.
The almes that powre folke shulde have/
Wretchedly awaye they do crave/
To lyve ydely without laboure.
Dissaytes continually they do muse/
And crafty falshod dayly they vse/
With simple folke gretly dissemblynge.
They feare lytell whom they offende/

Acuſtumed to rappe and rende?
All that cōmeth in their ſingrynge.
Their miſerable diſpoſicion/
Cauſeth ſtryke and ſedicion/
In all places where as they dwell.
There is none vnhappines done/
In eny chriſten regione/
But a fryer is of the counſell.
Though they ſaye that their order/
Is to have no thynge in proper/
But to vſe all thynges in cōmone.
Yett ther is no cōmenalte/
Which hath ſo gret parcialite/
As their miſerable religione.
For where as the heddes principall/
Whom maſter doctors they call/
Lyve in welthy aboundance.
The wother are povre and nedy/
Leadynge their lyves in penury/
Scant havynge their ſuſtenance.
Of their brothers veracion/
They have no compaſſion/
Deſpyſynge thoſe that be in ſickness.
Agaynſt all order of charite/
They deſdayne for to have pete/
Apon theym that are in deſtres.
To ſhewe all their vnhappines/
So abhominable and ſhamles/

It wer ouer tedious and longe.

Wat. ¶ Thou hast sayde ynough all redy/
They cannot be moche wors lyghtly/
Yf the dibell be not theym amonge.

Jek. ¶ As for that thou nedest not feare/
The devill with theym is familiare/
All waye bothe at bed and at borde.

Wat. ¶ The obserbauntes are not so dispoled?

Jek. ¶ Wilt thou have their lyfe discloled/
Brefly rehearsed at a worde?

Wat. ¶ Nowe mate I praye the hartely.

Jek. ¶ So god helpe me of all hypocrysy/
They are the very foundacion.

Wat. ¶ Peace man/ what speakest thou?
I perceaue well thou errest nowe/
With wordes of diffamacion.

Jek. ¶ Why thynkest thou that I do erre?

Wat. ¶ Because the worlde doth theym preferre/
For their wholy conberlacion.

Jek. ¶ Ye so were the scrybes and pharisays/
Through their falce hypocrisy ways/
Amonge the Jues in reputacion.
Nevertheleſſe in inwarde maners/
They were worse then open synners/
Whom oure lorde also did courſſe.

Wat. ¶ Makest of theym soche comparelon?

Jek. ¶ Ye sabynge after my opinion/
The obserbante are farre worse.

¶ It is not possible to be so/ Wat.
For they shewe ther as they go/
Of simplenes gret aperaunce.
¶ Ye so dothe the fore wother whyle/ Jek.
All though he canne many a wyle/
Pretende a simple countenaunce.
¶ Thou doest wrongfully surmyse. Wat.
¶ Saye I tell the it is their gyle/ Jek.
To have two faces in a hoode.
¶ What dost thou meane therby? Wat.
¶ That they are dissemblers vniuersally/ Jek.
And feawe or none of theym be goode.
¶ They vse no whordom/ nor robbery/ Wat.
Nor take mens goodes wrongfully/
As farre as I can heare or se?
¶ Open advoutrers they are none/ Jek.
Yet are they not virgens every chone/
All though they profesle chastite.
They have pollucions detestable/
And inwarde brennynge intollerable/
Of the fleshly concupiscence.
Ye and wother whyles advoutry/
With wother meanes of letchery/
Cloaked vnder a fayned pretence.
Wich to overcome certaynly/
They vse not the right remedy/
Of oure lordis institucion.
Gevynge hede to spretes of errours/

And doctryne of dyvlysshe doctours/
Which do make prohibicion.
And as touchynge theft to be playne/
They are the gretest theves that raygne/
In all the worlde nowe a dayes
For all wother theves cōmenly/
Of theym which have aboundantly/
And of ryche folke take their prayes.
But the observaunte no people do spare
Makynge their quest every wheare/
With most importunate crabynge.
To begge of the pover and nedy/
They are as dogges most gredy/
And wolves incessantly ragynge.
Wat. Yet they never handell money?
Jek. No for that is a subtill policy/
To vpholde their madde dysgysynge.
For when antichryst sathans soune/
To stablysshe his realme had begoune/
Temporall honoure despysynge.
To have all in his dominion/
He made many a religion/
With outwarde holynes aperynge.
Which into sectes innumerable/
Wer divided with oute fable/
The worlde in care for to brynge.
By their coloured devocion/
To the people they gave a mocion/

Their laboure craftly purchasynge.
And so by their contrivynge cast/
The gott clene a waye at the last/
Their cheke possessions temporally.
Wherby laye people opressed sore/
Scant coulde they geve eny more/
Concernynge londes and patrimony.
Then cam the lower orders of fryers/
Which are the substanciall pillers/
Of antichristis mayntenaunce.
So holy theym selves they did make/
That all possessions they did forsake/
Wilfull poverty to inhaunce.
To live by almes they did pretende/
And receaved all that god did sende/
Sheawynge tokens of perfection.
Wherfore the people did theym honoure/
With gretter love and favoure/
Then those that had possession.
Except libelod and londes only/
They receaved all that cam frely/
Whether it wer mony or ware.
Howe be it they did multiply/
In all provinces so innumerably/
Through the worlde in every quartear.
That the people wexed wery/
Seynge they coulde not kepe a peny/
But the fryers wolde begge it awaye.

At the last cam the obſervaunte/
Of antichriſt the truſty ſervaunte/
To brynge the worlde in more dekaye.
And leaſt they ſhulde ſeme chargeable/
They fownde a newe waye deceavable/
To begylde bothe yonge and olde.
They were of ſoche ſuperſticione/
That in proper or in cōmone/
They wolde nothynge kepe nor holde.
Of their nedes havynge the vſe/
To handle money they dyd refuſe/
Faynynge auſterite of pennaunce.
Wherby with deſyrous affecte/
The people had a grett reſpecte/
Unto their paynted obſervaunce.
In ſomoche that though their londes/
Was geven clene oute of their hondes/
By meanes of the poſſeſſioners.
And alſo moſt greveouſly oppreſt/
With the dayly crabynge and queſt/
Of the vnſaciate kryer beggers.
Yett the obſervaunte ſemed ſo parfyt/
That to healpe theym they iudged yt/
Withoute charge a thynge charitable.
Wherfore all the wother ſectes/
In maner reputed abiectes/
The obſervaunte were honorable.
Apon whom the workes of mercy/

Were bestowed continually/
With superfluous abundaunce.
And so vnder a leawde coloure/
In ydelnes they did devoure/
The povre peoplis sustenaunce.
They have increased so their nomber/
That all the worlde they do encomber/
With intollerable oppression.
They are more noyous a gret deale/
In hyndraunce of the cōmen wealle/
Above eny wother faccion.
For where as the people afore/
Wer halfe beggered and more/
By the wother orders afore sayde.
They robbed the worlde vterly/
Causynge it with extreme beggery/
In grett ruyne to be dekayde.
¶ Thou speakest agaynst conscience/ Wat.
For we perceave by experience/
What a godly lyfe they leade.
They flye diligently all excesse/
Livynge in poverte and scarsnes/
With smale dryncke and browne breade.
¶ Thynkest thou they live in penury? Jek.
¶ Or els they are hipocrites verily/ Wat.
Of shamfull dissimulacion.
¶ Saye that hardly once agayne/ Jek.
For they leade a lyfe to be playne/

Full of worldly delectacion/
Fyrst they have beke and mutten/
Of the cheke that maye be gotten/
With bred and dryncke of the best.
And that morover so largely/
That to farce and stuffe their belly/
They take more then they can deiest.
They have sauces with every dishe/
Whither that it be fleshe or fyshe/
Or els they wilnot be content.
To eate bred that is browne or stale/
Ether to dryncke thynne byere or ale/
They count it not convenient.
And many tymes they have daynties/
Sent from dyvers lordes and ladyes/
Their wholy suffrages to procure.

Wat. ¶ Yet they nether bake nor brewe.

Jek. ¶ No for all laboure they exchewe/
I the faythfully ensure.

Wat. ¶ Howe have they their meate rost or bake?

Jek. ¶ Wother men for theym the payne take/
Whom spretuall fathers they call.

Wat. ¶ And have they no spretuall mothers?

Jek. ¶ Yes with many sisters and brothers/
And also doughters spretuall.

Wat. ¶ Howe come they to kynred so nye/

Jek. ¶ Because they canne flatter and lye/
Makynge beleve the cowe is wode.

¶ They cannot lye though they wolde/ Wat.
For they will nether ſilver nor golde/
Nor covet eny mans goode.
¶ Troweſt thou they covyt nothynge/ Jek.
Where as they come a beggyng/
To the houſſe of a povre man?
Which hath both wyfe and children/
And is not able to fynde them/
Doynge the beſt that ever he can.
Yet he muſt vnto the fryers geve/
All though he ſhulde his houſholde greve/
Havynge nought theym ſelves to eate.
¶ O they have then the gretter mede. Wat.
¶ Ye god geve theym evill to ſpede/ Jek.
That do pover creaturs ſo entreate.
For they ſhulde their livynge gett/
With boddely laboure and ſwett/
Wherby they myght healpe wother.
¶ So they do healpe them ſpretually. Wat.
¶ Soche ſpretualnes I defye/ Jek.
When pover people dye for honger.
¶ Wen ſaye they are goode to the pover/ Wat.
And geve every daye at their doer/
Grett almes and refreſhynge.
¶ They geve almes/ but howe? Jek.
When they have eaten ynowe/
Their gredy paunches repleniſhynge.
Then gadder they vp their levette/

Not the beſt morſels but gobbette/
Which vnto pover people they deale.
Wat. ¶Then are they lyke with oute doute/
Unto certayne theves devoute/
Which though they vſe to ſteale.
Yet they are liberall and fre/
Yf eny pover creature they ſe/
To geve hym parte of their ſtolen geare.
Jek. ¶Nowe truly their diſpoſicion/
Is not vnlyke of condicion/
Savynge in this poynte they differ.
That where as theves liberally/
Geve their goodes gotten wrongfully/
To the pover with true affection.
They geve no thynge in very trothe/
But ſcrappes which they wolde be lothe/
To vſe agayne in their refection.
Wat. ¶Pover folke yet cōmende theym gretly.
Jek. ¶But yf they knewe as moche as I/
They wolde rather on theym complayne.
Wat. ¶Howe do they pover people offende?
Jek. ¶By cauſe in ydelnes they ſpende/
Which vnto theym ſhulde pertayne.
Wat. ¶They are not ydell I dare ſaye/
Whyle they rede/ ſynge/ and praye
Continually every houre.
Jek. ¶I call it ydelnes vnprofetable/
Which in no cale is confortable/

To the necessite of oure neyghboure.
¶ Well yett the apostle doth wryte/ Wat.
A iust mans prayer doth prostyte/
And is very efficacious.
¶ Are they iust in thy reputacion? Jek.
¶ After their owne affirmacion/ Wat.
Truly they are just and rightous.
¶ Then it is an evident token/ Jek.
That they are of whom it is spoken/
Ue vobis qui iustificatis vos ipsos.
¶ What dost thou by these wordes note? Wat.
¶ That vnder neath a fryers cote/ Jek.
Moche hipocrisy they glose.
¶ Reputest thou it hipocrisy/ Wat.
That they vse to go so holyly/
In cutt shues with out eny hose?
¶ Be it hipocrysy or no/ Jek.
To mangill their goode shues so/
Me thynketh it but folisshnes.
¶ They cutt but the vpper ledder/ Wat.
¶ No for it is moche easier/ Jek.
Then to cut the soles doutles.
¶ They do it for pennaunce sake/ Wat.
¶ For all that gret shifte they make/ Jek.
To avoyde all corporall sofferaunce.
¶ They shewe signes of penaūce outwardly. Wat.
¶ Ye but they fynde sothe a remedy/ Jek.
That they fele lytell grevaunce.

For in covente where as they are/
Thycke mantels of fryse they weare/
With lockes to kepe their fete warme
Then have they fyre at their pleasure/
And to sit therby at their leasure/
No man sayinge theym eny harme.
And when they walke their stacions/
They seke gentilmens habitacions/
Where as they fare delicioully.
For be there never so grett preasse/
They are set vp at the hy deasse/
Taken lyke lordes honorably.
They have also to washe their fete/
Water made hott with erbes swete/
And a goode fyer in their chamber.
Then have they bred/ ale/ and wyne/
With a ryche bed of downe fyne/
Decked after the best maner.
And paraventure the goode father/
Hath in his sleve a bladder/
Full of gynger/ nutmegges or graynes.
Which to make the drincke myghtye/
He putteth therin a quantite/
To comforte and warme his veynes.

Wat. ¶ They fynd not this wherfoever they come?

Jek. ¶ Syr I wis it is their custome/
In gentilmens places comenly.

Wat. ¶ Yet when they go on farre iorneys/

They cannot espye oute all ways/
Gentilmens houses so redely.
¶ Mary before their departynge/ Jek.
They have by mouthe or wrytynge/
The names of places where they dwell.
¶ Some tyme they fayle yet I iudge? Wat.
¶ Then do they murmor and grudge/ Jek.
Lyke yonge devils of hell.
¶ They want soche thynges in their cloyster? Wat.
¶ Concernynge the fare of their frayter/ Jek.
I did tell the a fore partly.
But then they have gest chambers/
Which are ordened for strangers/
And for fathers to make mery.
There have they ale/ wyne/ and byre/
And in winter tyme a goode fyre/
With gaye conceytes many wother.
¶ What is their cōunicacion? Wat.
¶ By my fothe murmuracion/ Jek.
One backbytynge another.
¶ They have nothynge to murmur fore. Wat.
¶ I tell the they murmur more/ Jek.
Then eny persons that I knowe.
Full of envious suspicion/
Overwhelmed with ambicion/
Though their vocacion be lowe.
With all diligence they laboure/
To obtayne noble mens favoure/

And to be ladys confessours.
In soche matters dayly they bosse/
Who with grett estates maye do mosse/
Reckenynge theym selve wyse seniours.
Wat. ¶ Do they desyre to be conversant/
In courtes of vertue so scant/
Intangled with all vngraciousnes?
Jek. ¶ They are content to be partners/
With all vngracious lybers/
Yf so be they geve theym almes.
Wat. ¶ I put case they geve nothynge?
Jek. ¶ Then whether he be lorde or kynge/
They will his maners deprave.
Howe be it though they be advoutrers/
Extorcioners/ or whormongers/
Yf to be their frendes they witsave.
Then with grett cōmendacion/
In their flatterynge predicacion/
They will their actes magnify.
Wherfore whoares/ thefes/ and bawdes/
And all soche as live by frawdes/
To their order have a fantesy.
Wat. ¶ Howe do they which are true preachers?
Jek. ¶ They are charged in their chapters/
Under their prelatis strayte precepte.
That agaynst their goode fownders/
Benefacters/ and frendly doers/
No enormites they detecte.

¶ Yf they lett men thus to scole/ Wat.
I trowe they make many a sole/
Of ladys and gentill wemen.
¶ Shall I shewe the howe they do? Jek.
¶ Nowe for oure lordis sake go to/ Wat.
To tell the cast of this wholy men.
¶ Fyrst it is their custome ever/ Jek.
To go/ two and two to gether/
Excepte a grett impediment.
And so to my ladys chamber/
Formost pricketh in the elder/
Which of theym is most auncient.
As sone as my lady he dothe se/
With a countenaunce of gravite/
He saluteth her noblenes.
My lady then of his cōmynge/
Affectously reioysynge/
Welcometh hym with gladnes.
The father then with his glosynge style/
After that he hath preached a whyle/
With babblynge adulacion.
My lady with many a goode morowe/
Begynneth her tale to solowe/
Speakynge after this fassion.
O father ye do grett penaunce/
To wynne eternall inheritaunce/
Throw prayer/ fast/ and watchynge.
Ye vse sorto sweare no othes/

Lyinge evermore in youre clothes/
Nether shetes nor shurtes wearynge.
Ambicion ye lett a lyde/
Flyinge worldly pompe and pryde/
Whiche with vs is dayly in vre.
Happy are ye and fortunate/
To live in so parfet a state/
Where to be saved ye are sure.
Yf it were not for youre wholines/
This worlde full of vicioulnes/
Had bene destroyed longe or this.
Howe be it/ ye do pacify/
The rigoure of god almighty/
Towarde vs that live a mis.
The father then with wordes of comforte/
Begynneth my lady to exhorte/
Saynge thus/ o goode madame.
Youre ladyshippe nedeth not to care/
For we praye dayly for youre welfare/
Or els we were gretly to blame.
Wholy. S. Fraunces do you mede/
Many a pover fryer ye do fede/
Of youre bounteous charite.
Wherfore ye were made sister/
In thelast generall chapter/
Of oure whole confraternite.
By meanes wherof ye are partetaker/
Of oure watchynge/ fast/ and prayer/

Remembrynge you in oure memento.
There is no daye that cōmeth to palle/
But ye have parte of many a malle/
Preserbynge you from carfull wo.
Wholy. S. Fraunces also hym selbe/
Which is above the apostles twelbe/
Nexte vnto Christ in authorite.
Shalbe youre perpetuall defence/
Agaynst sycknes and pestilence/
Souckerynge you in aduersite.
And for a sure aprobacion/
He bryngeth forth a narracion/
De libro conformitatum.
Howe. S. Frances their adboury/
Once in the yere entreth purgatory/
When that his fest daye doth come.
And from thens he taketh oute/
Those which to hym were deboute/
Or to his order charitable.
Thus my lady not very wyse/
Is brought in to soles paradyse/
Thorowe their wordes disceavable.
¶ Hath Christ amonge theym no place? Wat.
¶ Christ catha? in no maner cace/ Jek.
He is rather to their damage.
Be cause thorowe his passion/
For vs he made satisfaccion/
Withoute eny mans suffrage.

Whose doctryne yt they did obserue/
Playnly for honger they shulde sterue/
Excepte they wolde to laboure fall.
Wat. ¶ Howe conclude they then at the ende?
Jek. ¶ My lady must to their covent sende/
Her blyssynge with a trentall.
Wat. ¶ What is the trentall/ in paper?
Jek. ¶ Or els in goode golde or syluer/
To make theym a recreacion.
Wat. ¶ They will not for all Englonde/
Handill money with their bare honde/
As I have had informacion.
Jek. ¶ Yett in golden cuppes to drynke/
And to touche wemen I thynke/
No grett parell they do adverte.
And though some of theym never dare/
Touche eny coyne with hondes bare/
Yett they touche it with their hertt.
They have also withouten lesynge/
Money in wother mens keppynge/
Redy at their cōmaundment.
Which by the wryttynge of a bill/
In whatt soever vses they will/
Dayly is bestowed and spent.
In eny covent where they be/
Very seawe of theym thou shalt se/
But have a frende temporally.
To whom for every tryfill vayne/

That cōmeth once into their brayne/
Yf by wrytynge they ſignify.
Though it coſt a noble or twayne/
By and by they ſhall it attayne/
Not foarſynge what is layde oute.
Which truly yf they ſhulde purchace/
With laboure and ſwett of their face/
They wolde wotherwyſe loke aboute.
¶ Yf it be as thou doſt expreſſe/ War.
Playnly their rule they do tranſgreſſe/
Retaynynge in cōmen or in proper.
¶ They have the popis declaracion/. Jek.
Makynge therof a mitigacion/
In moſt favorable maner.
Under whoſe diblyſhe protection/
They have put theym in ſubiection/
As children of iniquite.
Wherfore he taketh to his perſon/
The name of their dominion/
To vſe it gevynge liberte.
They have ſcant as moche as a louſſe/
Nether clothes/ churche/ nor houſſe/
But the pope there of is awner.
¶ Why aſcrybe they it to the pope? War.
¶ By cauſe with ſoche craft they hope/ Jek.
To begylde people ſeculer.
For where as they live welthyly/
And have all thynge abundantly/

Acordynge to their apetyte.
Yet vnder soche false pretence/
They layne to soffre indigence/
Contempnynge all worldly delyte.
The pope also for this intent/
Because to his errours they consent/
Alowynge his abhominacions.
Graunteth to their avauntages/
Many bulles and previleges/
With wretched confirmacions.
Whose favoure to recompence/
Agaynst all goode conscience/
They preache as moche as they maye.
That the people with reverence/
Continue still in obedience/
Of the popis rule nyght and daye.
Though his workes be contrary/
They saye that he is goddis vicary/
And of Christ the lefetenaunte/
Makynge of a fende/ an angell/
Christ/ of antichrist rebell/
A saynt/ of the divels servaunte.
Wat. ¶ I supposed with out dissemblynge/
That they vsed in their preachynge/
All ways to sheawe the verite.
Seynge amonge the states royall/
They were reputed substanciall/
With oute eny parcialite.

They bled to go in pover wede/
Exhortynge both in worde and dede/
Unto the ioye celestiall.
As though they had no erthely love/
But only to the lyke above/
Delpylynge the ioyes of this lyke mortall.
¶ The wholynes that they did sheawe/ Jef.
Principally did over throwe/
The fayth of all christendome.
For they were confederate/
With antichrist so inveterate/
Called the Pope of Rome.
Whose lawes to sett in renowne/
Christis doctryne they plucked downe/
Pervertynge all wholy scripture.
And yet so perfett they did apere/
That grett mens confessions to here/
In every place they had the cure.
They pretended soche parfetnes/
That simple people more and les/
Unto their wordes gave credence.
Whatsoever fables they did tell/
They were taken as the golpell/
Approved with cōmen sentence.
Wherfore by their seduccion/
They have bene the destruccion/
Of all true christen liberte.
They make cruelnes of mercy/

Perfeccion of hipocrisy/
And of fredome captivite.
Of counterfeyted fimlacion/
They ymagen mortificacion/
Turnynge fayth to infidelite.
Idelnes they name contemplacion/
Faynynge zele of murmuracion/
Enmies to charitable amite.
Wat. I marvayle moche and wonder/
That they shulde have eny anger/
Or eny envious debate.
Seynge from worldly royalte/
And promocions of dignite/
They are willingly private.
Jek. Though they have no worldly honours/
Yet nether kynges ne emperours/
Nor wother states of the temperalte.
Have loche stryke in their provision/
As observauntes in their religion/
With dedly hatred and enmyte.
To be made confessors/ and preachers/
Wardens/ discretes/ and ministers/
And wother offices of prelacy.
With grevous malice and rancour/
One agaynst another dothe murmour/
Full of crafte and inconstancy.
They have nether drede nor shame/
Their faultles brethren to defame/

Havynge none occasion why.
Yonge men agaynst their superiours/
And prelates agaynst their inferiours/
One at another hath envy.
In chapters and visitacions/
They vse wronge accusations/
With many slanderous iniuryes
They execute sharpe correccions/
To ponysshe the transgressions/
Of their fantastycke ceremonyes.
God and his lawes they omitt/
Aplyinge their malicious witt/
To kepe mans invencions.
They are patrons of ydolatry/
Promouters vnto herisy/
And bryngers vp of dissencions.
¶ Nowe by the fayth of my body/ Wat.
The obseruaunce are not so holy/
As they do outwardly seme.
¶ Yf thou knewe manyfestly/ Jek.
What a lyfe they occupy/
Thou woldest marvayle I deme.
¶ I have hearde ynough and to moche/ Wat.
Yf theyr conversacion be soche/
It is pite that they are soustered.
But nowe touchynge the maners/
Of these religious possessioners/
I wolde heare somwhat more vttered.

Jek. ¶ I tolde the in the begynnynge/
Howe their wicked lyvynge/
Is gretly abhominable.
Marcke their lyke intentikely/
And thou shalt not therin espy/
Eny thynge that is cōmendable.
Wat. ¶ What sayst thou then of their vowes?
Wherby theym selves they spowse/
To god/ by a certayne promes.
Jek. ¶ Surly in it Christ they forsake/
And them selves wholy they betake/
To live in the devils serves.
Wat. ¶ Why/ they profesle chastite/
Obedience/ and wilfull poverte/
Which allmyghty god doth approbate.
Jek. ¶ Ye for all that I promes the/
They kepe none of all the thre/
With mundane affections intricate.
Wat. ¶ All worldlynes they do renownce.
Jek. ¶ Though with wordes they so pronownce/
Their hertes do not consent.
Wat. ¶ They observe truly obedience.
Jek. ¶ Ye but savynge reverence/
Nothynge after Christis intent.
For after goddis cōmandemente/
They shulde obey their parente.
Honorynge theym as is their duty.
Not with standynge they are so mad/

Their fathers and mothers are glad/
To honoure theym reverently.
And where as holy scripture wolde/
That vnto all powers we shulde/
Obey as to goddis ordenaunce.
They are vnder no power at all/
Nether spretuall nor temporall/
To the cōmen weallis fortheraunce.
¶ They obey vnto their prelate/ Wat.
At all seasons yerly and late/
His precept accomplisshynge.
¶ I will not denye they do obey/ Jek.
Unto the ruler of their abbey/
A carle of their owne choysynge.
Yet is it in superstitiousnes/
With outen eny profitablenes/
Of their neighbours comforte.
They serve theym selves and no mo/
Carynge litell howe the worlde go/
So that they have pleasure and sporte.
And contrary the seculers/
Are vnder temporall rulers/
With their children and wyves.
At all seasons prest and redy/
To put theym selves in ieopardy/
Aventurynge bothe goodes and lyves.
To serve the kynge in warre and peace/
They putt theym selves alwaye in preace/

The defence of the realme afflictynge.
Where as the religious sectes/
Unto no lawes are subiectes/
Obeyinge nether god nor kynge.
Yf the kynge will their service vse/
Forthwith they laye for an excuse/
That they must do goddis busines.
And yf in it they be fownde negligent/
They saye the kynge is impediment/
Because they must do hym serves.
And yf the kynge shall theym compell/
Then obstynatly they do rebell/
Fleinge to the popis mayntenaunce.
Of whom they obtayne exempcions/
From all the iurisdiccions/
Of temporall governaunce.

Wat. ¶ Of the pope with out grett expens/
They can obtayne no suche defens/
As men saye which do it knowe.

Jek. ¶ Yet are they so farre out of tune/
That they do their goodes so consume/
Rather then in goode vses to bestowe.

Wat. ¶ I perceave by this with out fayle/
Their obedience doth not prevayle/
But what sayst thou to their poverte?

Jek. ¶ What nede I therof to speake/
Conſideringe they do it breake/
Endued with ryche felicite.

¶ Do they loche lybelod polleffe? Wat.
¶ They have in maner the ryches/ Jek.
Of every londe and nacion.
Namly in Englonde region/
They excede in polleffion/
And lordly domination.
The blacke order hath more alone/
Then all the nobles every chone/
As touchynge their patrimony.
Thou woldeft furly marvell/
To fe their fare and aparell/
In all poyntes fuperfluously.
There be monkes of loche ftatlynes/
That fcant will loffer at their meffe/
A lorde of bludde with theym to ftt.
Whofe prowde fervice to beholde/
In plate of fylver and golde/
It palleth a mans witt.
Knyghtes and fquyers honorable/
Are fayne to ferve at their table/
As vnto Dukes excellent.
Divers of theym have the degre/
Of worthy Erles in dignite/
And are lordes of the parlement.
¶ They defcende of famous progeny? Wat.
¶ Ye beggers fonnes moft cōmenly/ Jek.
Their fathers fcant worth a groate.
Cōmynge fyrft to the abby gate/

A beggynge with a scalled pate/
Havynge nether goode shurt nor coate.
Which as sone as he is ones clad/
For a gentilman he is had/
Though he be but a starcke knawe.
Wat. ¶Soche poverte is plente/
For by it avoydynge scacite/
All welthynes they have.
Jek. ¶It is truly their filthynge nett/
Pover mens goodes awaye to gett/
To satisfy their gluttenny.
It is the goulfe of devoracion/
And fountayne of desolacion/
To all people generally.
Wherof in wholy scripture/
Is written a notable figure/
Shewed in the boke of Daniell/
Howe the prestes of Babilone/
With falshod acordynge in one/
Had an ydole called Bell.
Outwardly made all of bras/
And inwardly of erth it was/
Havynge a receyte so devised.
That the ydole semed to devowere
An. C. shepe with wyne and flower/
Dayly vnto it sacrifised.
Which the prestes with their whores/
Thorowe crafty contrived dores/

Entreinge in the nyght secretly.
And there makynge recreacion/
They consumed the oblacion/
Oppressynge the people grevously.
Which semed so straunge a thynge/
That bothe the people and the kynge/
Reputed it a grett miracle.
Untill Daniel at the last/
Perceavynge their disceavable cast/
Agaynst it made an obstacle.
He uttered to their confusion/
The execrable illusion/
Wherwith the folke they sore noyed.
Caulynge by his policy/
That this ydole utterly/
Was broken and destroyed.

¶ Wherto dost thou this compare? Wat.
¶ Of religious persons to declare/ Jek.
The intollerable enormite.
For as the prestes with their ydoll/
The pover people did pill and poll/
By their disclaykfull suttelte.
So the children of perdicion/
Named men of religion/
With their wilfull poverte.
The wyde worlde korto begger/
Daye and nyght they indever/
Blyndynge the peoples simplicite.

Wat. ¶I marvayle men make no restraynt/
Their dissaytfulnes to attaynt/
Whyls it is open and aperte.
Jek. ¶Daniel is not yett come/
Which shall obtayne the roume/
Their fraudfull wayes to subuerte.
Wat. ¶When shalbe then his compynge?
Jek. ¶I ensure the or longe runnynge/
For he begynneth to drawe nere.
Wat. ¶Well then/ this matter to remitt/
I wolde very fayne a lytell witt/
Of their chaffite to heare.
Jek. ¶To tell the of their chaffite/
It lyeth not in my capacite/
The shamfullnes therof to compryse.
Wat. ¶Men saye they live blissedly/
With out acte of matrimony/
Enslynge verteous exercyse.
Jek. ¶Their cloysters are the devils mewes
Farre worse then eny stewes/
Or cõmen places of whordom.
They are the dens of baudines/
And fornaces of all letcherousnes/
Lyke vnto Gomer and Sodom.
Yonge laddes and babes innocent/
They brynge in by their intysment/
To their leawde congregacion.
Whom they receave to profession/

Before that they have discrecion/
To their eternall damnacion.
For when they fele by experience/
The brynnynge of the concupiscence/
Pryckynge their hertes with love.
Consyderynge also their bondage/
Howe they can vse no mariage/
As a christen man doth behove.
Then to quenche their apetytes/
They are fayne to be sodomytes/
Abusynge theym selves vnnaturally.
And so from hope of salvacion/
They fall into desperacion/
Ordrynge their lyves most shamfully.
¶I will not say the contrary/ Wat.
But amonge a grett company/
One or two sothe thou mayst fynde.
¶Make the company grett or small/ Jek.
Amonge a thousand fynde thou shall/
Scant one chast of boddy and mynde
¶They saye yett with bolde audacite/ Wat.
That it resteth in mans faculte/
If he will/ to live chastly.
¶Then make they Christ a lyer/ Jek.
Callynge it a gyfte singuler/
Not geven to every boddy.
Paul also in his epistle/
Unto Timothe his discyple/

Writynge by sprete of prophecy.
Nameth it a dyvilishe doctryne.
Which agaynst scripture divine/
Forbiddeth folke to mary.
Morover the storys not faynynge/
The lives of olde fathers conteynynge/
Geve reccorde to the same.
Which endued with godly science/
Exercysynge continuall abstinence.
The lustes of the flesshe to tame.
Yet fewe or none had the grace/
With all their labour to purchace/
The singuler gyfte of chastite.
Howe shuld they then live chaste/
That of gostlynes have no taste/
Geven holy to carnalite.
Which as wolves and bely beastes.
Eatynge and drynkynge in their feastes/
The bloudde of the power cōmenalte/
They hate soche as are studious/
Abhorrynge those that are verteous/
As a toade/ or poysonde serpente.
With oute knowledge as alles brute/
Of all goode manners destitute/
Braynles and insipient.

Wat. I se then he werre a very chylde/
Which wolde eny mo abbeys bylde/
Yf the goodes shuld be so yll spent.

¶ It werre fare better I suppose/ Jek.
To plucke downe a grett sorte of those/
Which are all redy of costly bildynge/
¶ Oure lorde forbid/ that werre pete/ Wat.
For they kepe hospitalite/
Waye farynge people harborynge.
Hulbande men and labourers/
With all cōmen artificers/
They cause to have grett ernynge.
Their townes and villages/
With out exaccions or pillages/
Under theym have moche wynnynge.
They kepe also many servauntes/
Retaynynge fermers and tennauntes/
Which by theym have their lyvynge.
¶ Hospitall abbeyes thou fyndest but feawe/ Jek.
All though some of theym for a sheawe/
To blyndfelde the peoples syght.
Paraventure will not denaye/
Yf a gentle man come that waye/
To geve hym lodgynge for a nyght.
But yf power men thyther resorte/
They shall have full lytell comforte/
Nether meate/ drynke/ ne lodgynge.
Savynge wother whyles perhape/
They gett a feawe broken scrape
Of these cormorante levynge.
¶ Well yett their fare consyderynge/ Wat.

It is I wis no smale thynge/
That they leave dayly at their borde.
Jek. Ye but thorowe false lorchers/
And vnthrykty abbey lobbers/
To powre folcke lytell they a forde.
For the best meate awaye they carbe/
Which for their harlotte must serbe/
With wother frendes of their kynne.
Then proll the serbynge officers/
With the yemen that be wayters/
So that their lebette are but thynne.
And where as thou makest relacion/
That men of sondry occupacion/
By theym are sett vnto laboure.
It is aboute soche folysshnes/
Concernynge no profytablenes/
Unto their neghbours socoure.
In byldynge of chambers curious/
Churches/ and houses/ superfluous/
To no purpose expedient.
So that they maye satisfy/
Their inordinate fantasy/
They care for no detryment.
Set dyce and carde players a syde/
And thorowe out the worlde so wyde/
They waste their goode most in vayne.
Their pryde maketh many a begger/
Feawe or none farynge the better/

Except an ydell Jabel or twayne.
Their townes somtyme of renowne/
Leawdly they cause to saule downe/
The honoure of the londe to marre.
They sue their subiectt at the lawe/
Whom they make nott worth a strawe/
Raynynge theym giltles at the barre.
And that I me nowe reporte/
To their lordships a grett sorte/
With whom they had controuersys.
Namly/Saynt Edmondis bery/
With dyuers wother a grett many/
Under the holde of monasterys.
Furthermore theare as I did wone/
All husbande men they have vndone/
Destroyinge the londe miserably.
¶ To prove that it wer very harde. Wat.
¶ Take hede howe farmers go backwarde/ Jek.
And thou shalt se it with thyne ey.
For the londes welth pryncipally/
Stondeth in exercyse of husbandry/
By encreace of catell and tillynge.
Which as longe as it doth prosper/
The realme goeth backwarde never/
In stabill felicite perseverynge.
The abbeys then full of covetyse/
Whom possessions coulde not suffyse/
Ever more and more encroachynge.

After they had spoyled gentill men/
They vndermyned husbande men/
In this maner theym robbynge.
Wheare a farme for xx.li. was sett/
Vnder. xxx. they wolde not it lett/
Raysynge it vp on so hye a some.
That many a goode husholder/
Constrayned to geve his farme over/
To extreme beggary did come.

Wat. ¶I have hearde saye of myne elders/
That in Englonde many fermers/
Kept gaye housholdes in tymes passed.

Jek. ¶Ye that they did with liberalite/
Sheawynge to powre people charite/
But nowe all together is dasshed.
Of ryche farme places and halles/
Thou seist nothynge but bare walles/
The rofes fallen to the grownde/
To tourne fayre houses into pasture/
They do their diligent cure/
The cōmen well to confownde.

Wat. ¶Howe have the abbeys their payment?

Jek. ¶A newe waye they do invent/
Lettynge a dosen farmes vnder one.
Which one or two ryche francklynge/
Occupyinge a dosen mens lyvynge/
Take all in their owne hondes a lone.

Wat. ¶The wother in paiynge their rent/

Be lyckelyhod were negligent/
And wolde not do their duty.
¶ They payde their duty and more/ Jek.
But their karmes are heythed so sore/
That they are brought vnto beggery.
¶ Have the krancklynge therby no gayne? Wat.
¶ Yes/ but fyrst they have moche payne/ Jek.
Yer they can gett it substancially.
Payinge more for the entrynge in/
Then they shalbe able to wyñe/
A goode whyle after certaynly.
For to gett the abbotte consent/
Under the seale of the covent/
It is a thynge very costly.
Where of the charges to recover/
Lest they shulde theym selves enpover/
And be brought into decaye.
Pover silly shepperde they gett/
Whome into their karmes they sett/
Lybynge on mylke/ whyg/ and whey.
¶ Mercyfull lorde/ who hearde ever tell/ Wat.
Religious folke to be so cruell/
Supplantynge the temporalte.
¶ Thou knowest nott watkyn kelowe/ Jek.
Howe they have brought to sorowe/
In lykwyse the spretualte.
¶ By what mañer cavillacion? Wat.
¶ Surly through improperacion/ Jek.

Wat. ¶ Do they benefices improperate?
Jek. ¶ Ye and that many a curate.
Dayly courlle their cruell bellies.
Wat. ¶ They eate nether churche ne steple.
Jek. ¶ No but they robbe the pover people/
Devowrynge their lubstaunce.
Wat. ¶ Yf they do spretually lowe/
They maye well temporally mowe/
After the apostles ordenaunce.
Jek. ¶ Toshe they have it better cheape/
For they temporall goodes reape/
And lowe nothynge spretually.
Their parilshons they sheare and clippe/
But they never open their lippe/
To geve theym eny fode goslly.
Wat. ¶ Happely they do it in prevete.
Jek. ¶ So god healpe me it maye well be/
Under some secret clausure.
For it is surly so invisible/
That I trowe it is not possible/
To be sene of eny creature.
Wat. ¶ What requyre they of benefices?
Jek. ¶ No thynge but to have the fleces/
And avauntages carnally.
Wat. ¶ I perceave not well thy meanynge.
Jek. ¶ They are redyer to take vp tythynge/
Then to preache to theym frutfully.

¶Is there eny grett differynge/ Wat.
Bitwene theft and tythe gaderynge/
After the practyse that we se?
¶Very litell/ all thynges reckened/ Jek.
Sabynge that thebes are corrected/
And tythe gaderers go scott fre.
¶Have they no circumspeccion/ Wat.
With diligent affeccion/
For their parelshes to probyde?
¶They sett in kolyshe dotardes/ Jek.
More mete sorto be bearwardes/
Then christen mens soules to gyde.
And eben as they do by sarmage/
Brynge the londe into a rearage/
Contempnynge the state temporall.
In lyke maner by their rapyne/
They have brought into ruyne/
The order ecclesiasticall.
¶It apereth they are past grace. Wat.
¶They are the dibels sornace/ Jek.
Oben infernall vnsaciable.
¶If these monkes are so noyous/ Wat.
Bothe fraudulent and covetous/
To what vses are they profitable?
¶Nowe by the death that I shall deye/ Jek.
Of all people vnder neth the skye/
The worlde maye theym best spare.
Nether to the godly deite/

Nor yett to mans vtilite/
In eny cace profitable they are.
And not only vnnecellary/
But moreover clene contrary/
Defraudynge that to theym is due.
For though their lyke lo vicious/
To goddis lawes is iniurious/
Confowndynge the waye of vertue.
Yet are they more prelompteous/
Sayinge their workes meritorious/
Healpe lynners to be goddis heyres.
Wherby Christis bloud they delpyle/
As though it coulde not luffyle/
With out their damnable prayres.
And wheare as they lhulde be preft/
At all leasons doynge their beft/
The cōmen well to mayntayne.
Their bellies are lo full of greace/
That nether in warre nor peace/
They cane do eny healpe certayne.
Yet their kyndynge they expende/
Which lhulde the londe defende/
Debowrynge many a knyghtes fe.
They are nether goftly/ ner worldly/
Rather diuilylhe then godly/
With out eny goode properte.
Wat. Yf they be loche ydell raueners/
They are lyke to the grett courlers/

Which noble men in ſtables kepe.
For they are cherefed all waye/
With freſhe litter and goode haye.
Doynge right nought but eate and ſlepe.
¶ There is in theym grett diverſite/ Jek.
For yf it come to extremite/
They ſave their maſters from yvill.
Where as theſe miſerable brybers/
Brynge their ſownders and healpers/
The ſtrayght waye to the devill.
¶ Are they lyke to wolves ravenous? Wat.
¶ A grett deale more outragious/ Jek.
Farre excedynge their rapacite.
For though they be cruell of kynde/
Yett they leave their ſkynnes be hynde/
As a mendes for their cruelte
But this miſchevous moūckry/
Though they robbe every country/
Whyls they be here a lyve.
Yet can they not be ſo pleaſed/
But after that they be deceaced/
Leaſt eny by theym ſhuld thryve.
They cary into their ſepulture/
Their dayly clothynge and veſture/
Buried in their churlyſhe habyte.
¶ Have they on their botes alſo? Wat.
¶ Ye by my trothe even redy to go/ Jek.
To the devill withouten reſpyte.

Wat. ¶ There is come mistery pondered/
That they vse so to be buried/
In their habyte and clothynge.
Jek. ¶ No dout it is a mistery/
By coniectours manifestly/
Their wretched lyfe betokenynge.
For as in this lyfe they denayde/
Their christen neghbours to ayde/
Lybynge here vncheritably.
So by their death and latter ende/
In their buriall they pretende/
Not to be of Christis company.
Wat. ¶ To whom then do they pertayne?
Jek. ¶ To the devill their soverayne/
Which hath theym all in his bonde.
Wat. ¶ Beware thou be not to bolde/
For thy lyfe were bought and solde/
Yf thou spake this in Englonde.
Jek. ¶ They maye well bothe ban and cours/
But they cannot do moche wors/
Then they did to Hun the marchaunt.
Wat. ¶ Did they eny grevaunce to hym?
Jek. ¶ Out of this lyfe they did hym tryme/
Because he was goddis servaunte.
Wat. ¶ He did come faulte gretly notory?
Jek. ¶ No thynge but for a mortuary/
The prestes agaynst hym did aryse.
No maner faulte in hym was fownde/

Yet was he hanged/ brent/ and drownde.
His goodes takyn vp for a pryle.
As an herityke they hym toke/
Because he had many a boke/
In englysshe/ of holy scripture.
Also he worshipped no ymages/
And wolde not go on pilgremages/
Vlynge none othes to periure.
¶ Are the prelate so mad krantycke/ Wat.
To iudge soche a man an herityche/
Shewynge tokens of lydelite?
¶ They regarde their worldly proffett/ Jek.
Wynnynge therby many a forfett/
Whiche moveth theym to crudelite.
Mens goodes wrongfully to ceale/
They make herityke whom they pleale/
By faulce relacion of Someners.
¶ Have they none wother intellection? Wat.
¶ Yes also by their confession/ Jek.
Which they tell in prestes eares.
¶ Dare they confessions to bewraye? Wat.
¶ Confessions catha? ye by my faye/ Jek.
They kepe no secretnes att all.
Though noble men have doctours/
To be their private confessours/
Yet they have one that is generall.
¶ Belyde thole which are perticuler? Wat.
¶ Ye/ and that hath brought some to care/ Jek.

Of whom I coulde make rehearceall.
Wat. ¶ His name wolde I very fayne here.
Jek. ¶ It is the englisshe Lucifer/
Wotherwyse called the Cardinall.
In all the londe there is no wyght/
Nether lorde baron/ nor knyght/
To whom he hath eny hatred.
But ether by lower speche or swete/
Of their confessours he will wete/
Howe they have theym selves behaved.
What they saye/ it is accepted/
In no poynte to be obiected/
Though they be as falce as Judas.
Wat. ¶ What authorite do they allege?
Jek. ¶ It is their churches previlege/
Falcely to fayne that never was.
Wat. ¶ Soche confessours are vniust.
Jek. ¶ Yett nedes do it they must/
Yf they will to honoure ascende.
Wat. ¶ Promocions are of the Kyngis gyft?
Jek. ¶ For all that he maketh soche shyft/
That in his pleasure they depende.
Though they have the kyngis patent/
Except they have also his assent/
It tourneth to none avauntage.
His power he doth so extende/
That the kyngis letters to rende/
He will not forbeare in his rage.

¶ This is a grett presumpcion/ Wat.
For a villayne bochers sonne/
His authorite so to avaunce.
But it is more to be marveyled/
That noble men wilbe confelled/
To these kaytives of miscreaunce.
¶ O/ the grett whore of Babilon/ Jes.
With her deadly cuppe of poyson/
Hath brought theym to dronkenship.
That paynted bordes and ded stocke/
Carved ydoles in stones and blocke/
Above allmyghty god they worship.
¶ Hath Englond sochе stacions/ Wat.
Of devoute peregrinacions/
As are in Fraunce and Italy?
¶ Seke oute londes every chone/ Jes.
And thou shalt fynde none so prone/
As Englonde/ to this ydolatry.
Of wholy Roodes/ there is sochе a sight/
That bitwene this and mydnyght/
I coulde not make explicacion.
Then have they ladies as many/
Some of grace and some of mercy/
With divers of lamentacion.
Morover paynted stocke and stones/
With shrynes/ full of rotten bones/
To the whiche they make oblacion.
¶ What are they after thy suppolynge? Wat.

Jek. ¶Stronge thebes with outen glosynge/
And authours of prevaricacion.
Wat. ¶Take hede thou do not blasphemе.
Jek. ¶After their workes I theym esteme/
Both to man and god oure creatoure.
Where as is no god but one.
We ought to worship hym alone/
And no false goddes to adoure.
Whyche of his honoure is defrauded/
By these ydoles faulsely lauded/
With sacrifice and adoracion.
Man in lyke maner they robbe/
Taulynge powre folke to sygh and sobbe/
Takynge awaye their sustentacion.
Wat. ¶The goodes that to theym are offered/
Are they not to pover people proffered/
Their necessites to releke?
Jek. ¶It is walked in ryetous revell/
Amonge many an ydell Javell/
To norysshe morther and mischeke.
Wat. ¶I heare saye that beyndes London/
There is oure lady of Willdon/
Which doth grett myracles dayly.
Jek. ¶As for whordom/ and letcherousnes/
She is the cheke lady maistres/
Comen paramoure of baudry.
Many men as it is knowen/
Kepe mo chyldren then their owne/

By her myracles promocion.
Wyves to deceave their hulbandes/
Make to her many errandes/
Under coloure of devocion.
¶ Dost thou oure lady so backbyte? Wat.
¶ No but I have the stocks in despyte/ Jek.
Wherby they dishonoure her.
In scripture it is written/
And of oure lorde forbidden/
To be a false ydolatrer.
¶ Whyls thou dost so farre procede/ Wat.
Howe is it then in thy crede/
Of Saynt Thomas of Cantourbury?
¶ I beleve/ and also I trust/ Jek.
yf that he were in this lyke iust/
And of oure lordes vocacion.
That his soule hath fruicion/
Perpetually with out intermission/
Of eternall consolacion.
¶ Ye but I meane of his body/ Wat.
Shryned in the monastery/
With golde and stones precious.
Also the grett myracles wrought/
And howe of people he is sought/
With offerynges and gyftes somptious.
¶ As for that yf we geve credence/ Jek.
To oure saveoure Christis sentence/
The Euangelistes bearynge recorde.

Many shall do thynges straunge/
Wherby they will boldly chalange/
To worcke in the name of oure lorde.
And yet Christ in theym hath no parte/
But worcke theym by the devils arte/
Usurpynge an angels lykenes.
Which doth hym silfe so transpose/
Fraudulently to begyle those/
That contempne goddis rightousnes.

Wat. ¶ Nevertheless as clarkes deffyne/
Workynge of myracles is a signe/
That vnto god they are acceptable.

Jek. ¶ Shall we to men credence geve/
Or ought we the gospell to beleve/
Whose verite is impermutable?
I dare saye/ and abyde therby/
That Saynct Thomas of Caunterbury/
With wother Saynctt canonysed.
Yf their paynted efficacite/
Is but as it semeth to be.
Of god they are despysed.
For though they heale lame and blynde/
With men (as they saye) out of mynde/
Healpynge diseases corporall.
Yet destroye they out of hande/
For every one of theym a thowsande/
Concernynge their soules spretuall.
And where as Christ doth requyre/

That of god we ſhulde deſyre/
All oure neceſſite and nede.
To theym we make petition/
Agaynſt goddis prohibicion/
To wicked doctours gevynge hede.
¶ Well yet I enſure the Jeffraye/ Wat.
The goſpell for theym they laye/
Growndynge on it their argument.
¶ Naye watkyn that is a ſtarcke lye. Jef.
¶ Howe ſhall we then the troth trye/ Wat.
By ſome probacion evident?
¶ Mary take goddis wholy wrytynge/ Jef.
Nether addynge nor diminyſhynge/
But even playnly after the letter.
¶ They laye ſcripture is ſo diffuſe/ Wat.
That laye people on it to muſe/
Shulde be never the better.
It is no medlynge for foles/
But for ſoche as have bene at ſcoles/
As doctours that be graduate.
¶ Weneſt thou that Peter the fiſcher/ Jef.
Underſtode not ſcripture clearlyer/
Then the phariſaies obſtinate?
Who did ſo wilfully reſiſt/
Agaynſt the receavynge of Chriſt/
As they which were learned?
¶ No wonder/ for they knewe hym not. Wat.
¶ No more do oure doctours god wot/ Jef.

In eny poynte to be discerned.
Wat. ¶ Of Christ yett they make mencion.
Jek. ¶ Ye for be cause their pension/
With benefices maye be endued.
But in their lyfe and behaveoure/
They despyse Christ oure saveoure/
Labourynge his worde to exclude.
Wat. ¶ Canst thou prove this in dede?
Jek. ¶ Whosoever will the gospell rede/
To prove it shall nede no testes.
Wat. ¶ Peraventure they wolde have it hid/
Wherfore to rede it they forbid/
Lest men shulde knowe their wickednes.
Jek. ¶ Had thou studied an whoale yere/
Thou couldest not have gone no nere/
To hit their crafty suttelnes.
For yf the gospell were soffered/
Of laye people frely to be red/
In their owne moders langage.
They shulde se at their fyngers endes/
The abhominacions of these fendes/
With the abusion of pilgremage.
Also to perceave every whitt/
What it is Saynte forto visitt/
With nobles/ brouches/ and rynges.
Wat. ¶ Dost thou this custume reprehende?
Jek. ¶ I thyncke no goode man will cōmende/
Soche superstycious offerynges.

Wherof thre poynte I will move/
By the whyche I shall playnly prove/
That it is a thynge vngodly.
Fyrst a povre man of farre dwellynge/
For his wyfe and chyldren labourynge/
To kepe and fynde theym honestly.
Paraventure for some sickenes/
Or for a vowe of folishnes/
To accomplyshe Satans institute.
Taketh on hym a farre viage/
To some Saynctes shryne or ymage/
Leavynge his housholde destitute.
Which often tymes do mis cary.
The meane while that he doth tary/
Beslowynge his laboure in vayne.
And so goddis cōmaundment neglecte/
For smale tryfles of none effecte/
They put theym selves vnto payne.
Secondaryly/ what pevishnes/
Is it to honoure with ryches/
Of deade saynctes the bodies?
Seynge that whyls they here lyved/
From ryches they were deprived/
As we rede in their storyes/
Thirdly/ it is no Christen touche/
To se many a golden ouche/
With rynges and stones precioully.
To make deade saynctes forto shyne/

Where pover folke for honger pyne/
Dyinge with out healpe petioully.
And yf with all possibilite/
Pure christen neghbours poverte/
Duly to ayde we are bownde.
Why do Saynctes it then transgresse/
In whom charitable perfetnes/
In especiall shulde redownde?
Saynct Jhon to Christ so amiable/
Sayth/ excepte we be charitable/
Lovynge eache wother fraternally.
It boteth not Christ to profesle/
For why/ we wander in darckness/
With out light erronioully.
For howe can he have charite/
That seith his neghbours necessite/
And refuseth hym to socoure?

Wat. ¶ I marvayle not by hym that me made/
yf they be with golde and stones so lade/
Though they cannot their neghbours se.
But nowe to speake ernestly/
Have their soules celestially/
In soche offerynges eny delyte?

Jek. ¶ It is to theym grett displeasure/
Abhorrynge it out of measure/
As a thynge done in their despyte.

Wat. ¶ What were best then to be done?

Jek. ¶ To breake theym in peces a none/

A monge povre folke to be destributed.
¶ Haw/ to do that dede who durst/ Wat.
Seynge that he shulde be a courst/
And as an herityke reputed.
¶ Let theym with curiousnes swell/ Jek.
Courlynge with boke/ bell/ and candell/
Whyls they have breath for to speake.
Yet had we the Kynges licence/
We wolde with outen diffydence/
Their golden shrynes in peces breake.
¶ What shulde we do with their ryches? Wat.
¶ Geve it to pover men in almes/ Jek.
To whom of dute it doth longe.
¶ The Saynctes then wolde be angry/ Wat.
Yf that we shulde be so hardy/
Unlaufully to do theym wronge.
For some men have it allayde/
Whom saynctes have shreawedly arayde/
In revengynge their iniury.
So that by an whole nyghtes space/
They were fayne to kepe one place/
The dores stondynge open apertly.
¶ And what was their fynall chaunce/ Jek.
¶ By my sothe/ in an hangynge daunce/ Wat.
Their necke in a corde to preve.
¶ Use the Saynctes eny men to kyll? Jek.
¶ No but they make theym stonde still/ Wat.
Untill they be taken of the Schereve.

Then are thy lyke and semblable/
Unto oure bisshops venerable/
Which saye/ we will not morther.
But they put men in soche savegarde/
That with in a whyle afterwarde/
They be sure to go no forther.

Jek. ¶ Are not soche sayncte reprehensible?

Wat. ¶ Ye for they shulde be invincible/
Of charitable dilection.
For if they will eny man noye/
Ether eny body to destroye/
They are not of Christis election.
Whiche after Luke evangelion/
Sayde to thapostels James and Jhon/
Nescitis cuius spiritus estis.
The sonne of man hidder cam/
Not forto destroye eny man/
But to save that perished is.
Wherfore let theym do wonders/
By the divels their sounders/
To leade men in blynde cecite.
Yett never theselfe thou and I/
Wolde put oure selves in ieopardy/
Agaynst all their malignite.
To take awaye their ouches/
Golden rynge and brouches/
Gevynge it vnto the poore.

Wat. ¶ Thou except.S.Chutbert of Duram/

With oure lady of Walsyngam/
Also oure lady of the Moore.
¶ God beynge oure direccion/ Jek.
We wolde make none exception/
Agaynst the devils enchauntmente.
To do their best/ let theym not spare/
For we wolde make theym full bare/
Of their precious ornamente.
¶ Oure honeste then deskayned/ Wat.
Suerly we shulde be proclaymed/
For outragious heretyke.
¶ Why more we then the Cardinall? Jek.
¶ He attempteth nothynge at all/ Wat.
Sochе maters in his bisshopryche.
¶ I am sure thou hast hearde spoken/ Jek.
What monasteries he hath broken/
With out their fownders consente.
He subverteth churches/ and chappells/
Takynge away boke and bells
With chalesces/ and vestmente.
He plucketh downe the costly leades/
That it maye rayne on sayncte heades/
Not sparynge god nor oure ladye.
Where as they red servyce divyne/
There is groūtynge of pigges and swyne/
With lowynge of oxen and kye.
The aultres of their celebracions/
Are made pearches for heñs and capons/

De koylynge theym with their durt.
And though it be never so prophane/
He is counted a goode christiane/
No man doynge hym eny hurtt.

Wat. ¶ A conscience yf it be sothe/
That the Cardinall so dothe/
I wonder that he is not apeached.

Jek. ¶ O/ churche men are wyly foxes/
More crakty then iuggelers boxes/
To play ligier du mayne teached.
Yt is not for nought they kayne/
That the two swordes to theym pertayne/
Both spretuall/ and temporall.
Wherwith they playe on both hondes/
Most tyrannoully in their bondes/
Holdynge the worlde vniuersall.
Agaynst god they are so stobbourne/
That scripture they tosse and tourne/
After their owne ymagination.
Yf they saye the mone is belewe/
We must beleue that it is true/
Admittynge their interpretation.

Wat. ¶ Art thou not a krayde to presume/
Agaynst the Cardinalls lume/
Seynge they wilbe all on his syde?

Jek. ¶ No I do rather gretly reioyce/
That of a lytell wormes voyce/
Goddis iudgement maye be verifyed.

Agaynſt loche a wicked brothell/
Which layth/ vnder his girthell/
He holdeth Kynges and Princes.
To whom for a ſalutacion/
I will rehearce a breſe oracion/
Dedicate vnto his ſtatlynes.
¶ Nowe gentell mate I the praye. Wat.
¶ Have at it then with out delaye/ Jek.
Contempnynge his malicioulnes.

O miſerable monſter/ moſt malicious/
Father of perverſite/ patrone of hell.
O terrible Tyrant/ to god and man odious/
Advocate of antichriſt/ to Chriſt rebell.
To the I ſpeake/ o caytife Cardinall ſo cruell.
Cauſles chargynge by thy courſed cōmādmēt
To brenne goddis worde the wholy teſtamēt.

Godde worde/ grownd of all vertue ād grace
The fructeous ſode/ of oure faythfull truſt.
Thou haſt condempned in moſt carfull cace/
Throwe furious folý/ falce and vniuſt.
O fearce Pharao/ folower of fleſchly luſt.
What moved thy mynde by malyce to cōſent/
To brenne godde worde/ the wholy teſtamēt.

The tenoure of thy tyranny paſſeth my brayne
In every poynt evidently to endyght.
Nero nor herod/ wer never ſo noyus certayne

All though of godde lawe they had lytel lyght
Shame it is to speake howe agaynst ryght.
Thy hatfull hert hath cauſed to be brent/
Goddis true worde/ the wholy teſtament.

O perverſe preſte patriarke of pryde/
Mortherer with out mercy moſt execrable.
O beaſtly brothell/ of baudry the bryde/
Darlynge of the devill/ gretly detectable.
Alas/ what wretch wolde be ſo vengeable?
At eny tyme to attempte ſoche impediment/
To brēne godde worde the wholy teſtament.

God of his goodenes/ grudged not to dye/
Man to delyver from deadly dampnacion.
Whole will is that we ſhulde knowe perfetly
What he here hath done for oure ſaluacion.
O cruell kayſare/ full of crafty conſpiracion.
Howe durſt thou geve then falce iudgement
To brenne godde worde/ the wholy teſtamēt.

Thy leawednes of lyvynge is loth to heare/
Chriſtis goſpell to come vnto cleare light.
Howe be it ſurly it is ſo ſpred farre and neare
That forto let it thou haſte lytell myght.
God hath opened oure dercke dimed ſyght.
Truly to perceave thy tyranous intent/
To brēne godde worde the wholy teſtament.

Agaynſt thyne ambicion all people do crye/
Pōpoully ſpēdige the ſuſtenaunce of the pore
Thy haulte honoure hyly to magnify/
Maketh/ thebes/ traytours/ ād many a whore
Wo worth the wretche of wickednes the dore
Forger of oure dayly damage and detriment
To brenne goddis worde the wholy teſtamēt.

O paynted paſtoure/ of Satan the Prophet/
Ragynge courre/ wrapped in a wolues ſkyne
O butcherly biſhop/ to be a ruler vnmete/
Maker of milery/ occaſion of ſynne.
God graunt the grace nowe to begynne.
Of thy dampnable dedes to be penitent/
Breñynge goddis worde/ the wholy teſtamēt.

¶ No more for oure lordis paſſion/ Wat.
Thou rayleſt nowe of a faſſion/
With rebuke moſt deſpytous/
No man ſhall theſe wordes advert/
But will iudge theym of an hert/
To procede/ moſt contumelious.
¶ Though popiſhe curres here at do barcke/ Jek.
Yet thou mayſt therin well marcke/
The will of god accompleſhed.
The Cardinall thus to rewarde/
Which with oute eny godly regarde/
Deſdayneth the trothe to be puppliſhed.

Therfore as he did the trueth condempne/
So god wil hym and all his contempne/
With the swearde of punnyshment.
Wat. ¶ They had fyrst some provocacion?
Jek. ¶ None wother then the translacion/
Of the englyshe newe testament.
Wherin the authours with meknes/
Utterly avoydynge convicioulnes/
Demeaned theym so discretly.
That with all their invencion/
They coulde fynde no reprehencion/
Resistynge goddis worde wilfully.
Wat. ¶ Howe had the gospell fyrst entraunce/
Into Englonde so farre of distaunce/
Where to rede hym/ no man maye?
Jek. ¶ Goode christen men with pure affecte/
Of god singulerly therto electe/
With cost did hym thether conveye.
Which/ even as Christ was betrayed/
So with hym the clargy played/
Thorowe trayterous prodicion.
Wat. ¶ Who played the parte of Judas?
Jek. ¶ The wholy bilshop of Saynct Alle/
A poste of Satans iurisdiccion.
Whom they call Doctour standilshe/
Wone that is nether flesshe nor fisshe/
At all tymes a cōmen lyer.
He is a bablynge Questionist/

And a merbelous grett sophist/
Som tyme a lowly graye fryer.
Of stomake he is fearce and bolde/
In braulynge wordes a very scolde/
Wenglynge bennem with sugre.
He despyseth the trueth of god/
Takynge parte rather with falsehod/
Forto obtayne worldly lucre.
In carde playinge he is a goode greke/
And can skyll of post and glyeke/
Also a payre of dyce to trolle.
For whordom and fornicacions/
He maketh many visitacions/
His Dioces to pill and polle.
Though he be a stowte dibyne/
Yett a prest to kepe a concubyne/
He there admitteth wittyngly.
So they paye their yearly tribute
Unto his dyblisshe substitute/
Officiall/ or cōmissary.
To rehearce all his lybynge/
God gebe it ybell chebynge/
Or els some amendment shortly.
¶ Howe did he the gospell betraye? Wat.
¶ As sone as ever he hearde saye/ Jek.
That the gospell cam to Englonde.
Immediatly he did hym trappe/
And to the man in the red cappe/

He brought hym with stronge honde.
Before whose prowde consistory/
Bryngynge in false testimony/
The gospell he did theare accuse.
Wat. THe did mo persones represent/
Then Judas the traytour malivolent/
Whiche betrayed Christ to the Jues.
Jek. THou mayst se of theym in one manne/
Herod/ Pilat/ Cayphas/ and Anne/
With their propertis severall
And in another manifestly/
Judas full of conspiracy/
With the sectes pharisaicall.
They are a grett deale more mutable/
Then Proteus of forme so variable/
Which coulde hym silfe so disgyse.
They canne represent apes/ and beares/
Lyons/ and alles with longe eares/
Eben as they list to devyse.
But nowe of standisshe accusacion/
Breefly to make declaracion/
Thus to the Cardinall he spake.
Plealeth youre honourable grace/
Here is chaunced a pitious case/
And to the churche a grett lacke.
The gospell in oure Englisshe tonge/
Of laye men to be red and songe/
Is nowe hidder come to remayne.

Which many heretyke shall make/
Except youre grace come waye take/
By youre authorite hym to restrayne.
For truly it is no handlynge/
For laye peoples vnderstondynge/
With the gospell to be busy.
Which many wone interprisynge/
Into heresy it did brynge/
Dildaynynge the churche vnreverently.
¶ Tolshe/ these saynge are sophisticall/ Wat.
I wolde heare the sence mistically,
Of these wordes right interpreted.
¶ In fayth with out simulacion/ Jek.
This is the right signification/
Of his meanynge to be expressed.
O Cardinall so glorious/
Thou arte Capitayne over vs/
Antichristis cheke member.
Of all oure detestacions/
And sinfull prevaricacions/
Thou alone/ arte the defender.
Wherfore healpe nowe or els never/
For we are vndone for ever/
Yf the gospell abroade be spred.
For then with in a whyle after/
Every plowe manne and carter/
Shall se what a lyfe we have led.
Howe we have this five hondred yeres/

Roffled theym amonge the bryres/
Of delperate infidelite.
And howe we have the worlde brought/
Unto beggery worlle then nought/
Through oure chargeable vanite.
Which knowen/ we shalbe abhorred/
Redd to be knocked in the forhed/
Oure welth taken awaye clene.
Therfore Tyrant playe nowe thy parte/
Seynge with the devill thou arte/
Gretter then eny manne hath bene.
Put the gospel a waye quyght/
That he come not to laye mens sight/
Forto knowe goddis cōmaundement.
And then we that are the rēmenaunt/
Shall diligently be attendaunt/
To blynde theym with oure cōment.
Yf they have once inhibicion/
In no maner of condicion/
To rede goddis worde and his lawes.
For vs doctours of theology/
It shalbe but a smale mattery/
To make theym soles and dawes.
Loke what thou dost by tyranny/
We will alowe it by sophistry/
Agaynst these worldly villaynes.

Wat. Nowe truly this is the meanynge/
Howe soever be the speakynge/

Of these spretuall lordaynes.
¶ But what sayde the Cardinall here at? Wat.
¶ He spake the wordes of Pilat/ Jes.
Sayinge/ I synde no fault therin.
Howe be it/ the bilshops assembled/
Amonge theym he examened/
What was best to determyn?
Then answered bilshop Cayphas/ Hoc est
That agrett parte better it was/ London
The gospell to be cõdempned. Epūs.
Lest their vices manyfolde/
Shulde be knowen of yonge and olde/
Their estate to be contempned.
The Cardinall then incontinent/
Agaynst the gospell gave iudgement/
Sayinge/ to brenne he deserved.
Wherto all the bilshoppe cryed/
Answerynge/ it cannot be denyed/
He is worthy so to be served.
¶ Yf they playe thus their pages/ Wat.
They shall not escape the plages/
Which to theym of Rome happened.
At whose scourge so marvelous/
They wolde yf they were gracious/
Gladly to be admonished.
To whom goddis worde in purite/
Was fyrst shewed with humilite/
Accordynge to the veritable sence.

Howe be it they wolde not it receaue/
But krawardly with swearde and gleaue/
They expulled it krom thence.
Unto tyranny they did leane/
Wherkore god blynge another meane/
To brynge theym vnto repentaunce.
He stered vp some mens spryte/
Which their kautes did endyte/
Of their mischeke makynge vttraunce.
Yet wolde not they amende/
But moare wilfully did deffende.
Their evill lyke agaynst goddis worde.
Therkore as millyvers obstinate/
They were destroyed nowe of late/
With pestilence and dent of swoorde.

Jek. ¶ Thou hast rehearced thre poynte/
Which will make all prestes ioynte/
For keare to trymble and shake.
Seynge that the kyrst is past/
And the seconde cōmeth in kast/
Their hypocrisi to awake.
And yf they will not be rekrayned/
The swoorde of vengeaunce vnkayned/
On their krawardnes will light.

Wat. ¶ Well/ let vs by no persuasion/
Geve no sochе occasion/
Caulynge christen men to kyght.

Jek. ¶ No man will have that sulpicion/

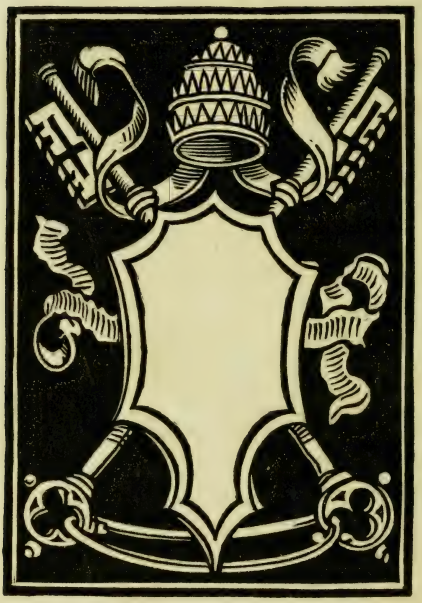
But take it for an admonicion/
Their vnhappy lyfe to repent.
For we shewe as they shall fynde/
Yf god inspyre not their mynde/
To laboure for amendment.
Which by scripture to verify/
Let theym rede the prophet Jeremy/
In the chapter/ fower and twente.
Howe be it I will me hens hye/
Wheare as the Cardinals furye/
With his treasure shall not gett me.
¶ Is this prowde Cardinall rycher/ Wat.
Then Christ or goode sayncte Peter/
In whose roume he doth succede?
¶ The bolles of his mulis brydles/ Jek.
Myght bye Christ and his disciples/
As farre as I coulde ever rede.
¶ Whether canst thou then flye awaye? Wat.
¶ To Constantinoble in Turkeye/ Jek.
Amonge hethen my lyfe to leade.
¶ Yf thou wilt then lyve christenly/ Wat.
Thou must vse thy silfe prevely/
Or els surely thou arte but deade.
¶ I shall have theare as grett liberte/ Jek.
As in wother placis of christente/
The trueth of Christ to profesle.
For he that will the trueth declare/
I dare saye mochе better he weare/

To be with theym in hethennelle.
Wat. ¶ Though thou go never so farre hence/
Yet with moſt terrible ſentence/
To courſle the they will not myſſe.
Jek. ¶ I ponder very lytell their courſes/
For to god I laye with humblenes/
They ſhall courſe/ and thou ſhalt blyſſe
Wat. ¶ In their courſes/ is their no parell?
Jek. ¶ No for they do it in the quarell/
Of their god which is their belly.
Wat. ¶ What miſchevous god is that?
Jek. ¶ Wone that hath eaten vp the fatt/
Of englonde wealth ſo mery.
Wat. ¶ I will gett me then into Wales/
To dwell amonge hilles and dales/
With folke that be ſimple and rude.
Jek. ¶ Come not there I counſell the.
For the preſtes/ their ſimplicite/
Thorowe craftynes do ſo delude.
That whoſo ever is ſo hardy/
To ſpeake agaynſt preſtes knavery/
For an herityke they hym take.
Of whoſe miſerable calamite/
Under the ſpretuall captiuite/
I will here after a proceſſe make.
Wat. ¶ Then will I go into the realme/
Of the plenteous londe of beame/
In the Cite of Prage to dwell.

¶ Of two thynge I will the warne/ Jek.
Whiche thou muſt parfetly learne/
yf thou wilt folowe my counſell.
Fyrſt beware in eſpeciall/
Of the outwarde man exteriall/
Though he ſhewe a fayre aperaunce.
Many ſhall come in a lambis ſkynne/
Which are ravilſhynge wolues with in/
Ennemys to Chriſtis ordinaunce.
The ſeconde is/ yf eny reply/
Bryngynge in reaſons obſtinatly/
Agaynſt that which ſemeth to be trewe.
Take no graduate for an authoure/
But remitt goode maſter doctoure/
To the olde teſtament or newe.
And yf he will beare the in honde/
That thou canſt not it vnderſtonde/
Be cauſe of the difficulte.
Are hym howe thou arte able/
To vnderſtonde a fayned fable.
Of more crafty ſubtilite?
¶ I ſe thou knoweſt their ſecretnes/ Wat.
¶ Ye I coulde in their very lyckneſ/ Jek.
Declare theym yf I had reſpyte.
¶ Well I will departe/ adue/ Wat.
¶ Nowe I beſeche oure lorde Jeſu/ Jek.
To be thy gyde daye and nyght.

¶ In deſcripcio of the Armes/ for
wherfor rede wherby.

Christ godde sonne borne of a mayden poore/
Forto save mankynd/ from heven descended.
Pope Clemente. the sonne of an whoore/
To destroye man/ from hell hath ascended.



In whom is evidently comprehended.
The perfett meknes of oure saveoure Christ/
And tyranny of the murtherer Antichrist.

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